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DOMESTIC LIFE.

[By R. W. Emerson.]

IN proportion to the intelligence of the inquirer, the objects of inquiry are near and familiar. To a student of realities, the study of fossils, the history of meteors, the genesis of nebulae, is less interesting than the system of life into which he was born, the society of beings whose lineaments resemble his own, and the objects which stick close about him. These usual things, which he can never get out of sight of, most pique the curiosity. Could anybody tell him what the meaning of them is? Can any topic take precedence in a reasonable mind of the topic of Domestic Life?

Man is born into a home. The perfection of the providence for childhood is easily acknowledged. The same care which covers the seed of the tree under tough husks and stony cases, provides for the human plant the mother's breast and the father's house. Who knows not the beautiful group of babe and mother, sacred in nature, now sacred also in the religious associations of half the globe. The size of the nestler is comic, and its tiny beseeching weakness is compensated perfectly by the happy patronizing look of the mother, who is a sort of high reposing Providence toward it. Welcome to the parents the puny struggler, strong in his weakness, his little arms more irresistible than the soldier's, his lips touched with persuasion which Chatham and Pericles in manhood had not. His unaffected lamentations when he lifts up his voice on high, or, more beautiful, the sobbing child—the face all liquid grief, as he tries to swallow his vexation,—soften all hearts to pity, and to mirthful and clamorous compassion. The small despot asks so little that all reason and all nature are on his side. His ignorance

is more charming than all knowledge, and his little sins more bewitching than any virtue. His flesh is angels' flesh, all alive. "Infancy," said Coleridge, "presents body and spirit in unity: the body is all animated." All day, between his three or four sleeps, he coos like a pigeon-house, sputters, and spurns, and puts on his faces of importance; and when he fasts, the little Pharisee fails not to sound his trumpet before him. By lamplight he delights in shadows on the wall; and by daylight, in yellow and scarlet. Carry him out of doors,—he is overpowered by the light and by the extent of natural objects, and is silent. Then presently begins his use of his fingers, and he studies power, the lesson of his race. First it appears in no great harm, in architectural tastes. Out of blocks, thread-spools, cards and chequers he will build his pyramid with the gravity of Palladio. With an acoustic apparatus of whistle and rattle he explores the laws of sound. But chiefly, like his senior countrymen, the young American studies new and speedier modes of transportation. Mistrusting the cunning of his small legs, he wishes to ride on the necks and shoulders of all flesh. The small enchanter nothing can withstand,—no seniority of age, no gravity of character; uncles, aunts, cousins, grandsires, grandames,—all fall an easy prey: he conforms to nobody, all conform to him; all caper and make mouths, and babble, and chirrup to him. On the strongest shoulders he rides, and pulls the hair of laurelled heads.

"The childhood," said Milton, "shows the man, as morning shows the day." The child realizes to every man his own earliest remembrance, and our love of it praises the beauty of human nature. So it supplies a defect in our education, or enables us to live over the unconscious history with a sympathy so tender as to be almost personal experience.

Fast, almost too fast for the wistful curiosity of the parents, studious of the witchcraft of curls and dimples and broken words, the little talker grows to a boy. He walks daily among wonders: fire, light, darkness, the moon, the star, the furniture of his house, the red tin horse, the domestics, who like rude foster-mothers befriend and feed him, the faces that claim his kisses, are all in turn absorbing; yet warm, cheerful and with good appetite the little sovereign subdues them without knowing it, and the new knowledge is taken up into the life of to-day and becomes the means of more. The blowing rose is a new event; the garden full of flowers is Eden

over again to the small Adam ; the rain, the ice, the frost, make epochs in his life. What holiday is the first snow in which Two-shoes can be trusted abroad !

What art can paint or gild any object in after-life with the glow which Nature gives to the first baubles of childhood ! St. Peter's can not have the magical power over us that the red and gold covers of our first picture-book possessed. How the imagination cleaves to the warm glories of that tinsel even now ! What entertainments make every day bright and short for him ! The street is old as Nature ; the persons all have their sacredness. His imaginative life dresses all things in their best. His fears adorn the dark parts with poetry. He has heard of wild horses and of bad boys, and with a pleasing terror he watches at his gate for the passing of those varieties of each species. The first ride into the country, the first bath in running water, the first time the skates are put on, the first game out of doors in moonlight, the books of the nursery, are new chapters of joy. The "Arabian Nights' Entertainments," the "Seven Champions of Christendom," "Robinson Crusoe," and the "Pilgrim's Progress"—what mines of thought and emotion, what a wardrobe to dress the whole world withal, is in this encyclopædia of young thinking.

And so by beautiful traits which, without art, yet seem the masterpiece of wisdom, provoking the love that watches and educates him, the little pilgrim prosecutes the journey through nature which he has thus gaily begun. He grows up the ornament and joy of the house, which rings to his glee, to rosy boyhood.

But I will not follow this picture farther. I designed only to suggest the most affecting of our experiences, the matrix of the gem, the soil where virtue grows.

I will not insist, with some philosophers, that the child is alone wise, and all our after learning is unlearning or mislearning, but will pass to other facts which concern us all. The household is the home of the man, as well as of the child. The events that occur there are more near and affecting to us than those which are sought in senates and academies. Domestic events are certainly our affair. What are called public events, may be or may not be ours. And if a man wishes to acquaint himself with the real history of the world, with the spirit of the age, he must not go first to the state-house or the court-room. The subtle spirit of life must be sought in facts nearer. It is what is done and suffered in

the house, in the constitution, in the temperament, in the personal history, that has the profoundest interest for us. Fact is better than fiction, if only we could get pure fact. Do you think any rhetoric or any romance would get your ear from the wise gipsy, who could tell straight on the real fortunes of man; who could reconcile your moral character and your natural history; who could explain your misfortunes, your fevers, your debts, your temperament, your habits of thought, your tastes, and, in every explanation, not sever you from the whole, but unite you to it? Is it not plain, that not in senates, or courts, or chambers of commerce, but in the dwelling-house must the true character and hope of the time be consulted? These facts are, to be sure, harder to be read. It is easier to count the census, or to compute the square extent of a territory, to criticise its polity, books, art, than to come to the persons and dwellings of men, and read their character and hope in their way of life. Yet we are always hovering round this better divination. In one form or another, we are always returning to it. The interest that is felt in phrenology and physiognomy betrays our instinctive conviction of the deep significance of the form of man. The physiognomy and phrenology of to-day are rash and mechanical systems enough, but they rest on everlasting foundations. We are sure that the sacred form of man is not seen under all these whimsical, pitiful and sinister masks (masks which we wear and which we meet), these bloated and shrivelled bodies, these bald heads and bead eyes, these short winds, puny and precarious healths, and early deaths. We live ruins amidst ruins. The great facts are the near ones. The account of the body is to be sought in the mind. The history of your fortunes is written first in your life.

Let us come, then, out of the public square, and enter the domestic precinct. Let us go to the sitting-room, the table-talk, and the expenditure of our contemporaries. An increased consciousness of the soul, you say, characterizes the period. Let us see if it has not only arranged the atoms at the circumference, but the atoms at the core. Does the household obey an idea? Do you see the man—his form, genius and aspiration, in his economy? Is that translucent, thorough-lighted? There should be nothing confounding and conventional in economy, but the genius and love of the man so conspicuously seen in all his estate that the eye that knew him should see his character in his property, in his

grounds, in his ornaments, in every expense. A man's money should not follow the direction of his neighbor's money, but should represent to him the things he would willinglyst do with it. I am not one thing and my expenditure another. My expenditure is me. That our expenditure and our character are twain, is the vice of society.

We ask the price of many things in shops and stalls, but some things each man buys without hesitation, if it were only letters at the post-office, conveyance in carriages and boats, tools for his work, books that are written to his condition, etc. Let him never buy any thing else than what he wants; never subscribe at others' instance; never give unwillingly. Thus a scholar is a literary foundation. All his expense is for Aristotle, Fabricius, Erasmus and Petrarch. Do not ask him to help with his savings young drapers or grocers to stock their shops, or eager agents to lobby in legislatures, or join a company to build a factory or a fishing craft. These things are also to be done, but not by such as he. How could such a book as Plato's Dialogues have come down, but for the sacred savings of scholars and their fantastic appropriation of them?

In like manner another man is a mechanical genius, an inventor of looms, a builder of ships—a ship-building foundation, and could achieve nothing, if he should dissipate himself on books or on horses. Another is a farmer—an agricultural foundation; another is a chemist,—and the same rule holds for all. We must not make believe with our money, but spend heartily, and buy *up* and not *down*.

I am afraid that, so considered, our domestic life will not bear looking into. I fear that our houses will not be found to have unity, and to express the best thought. The household, the calling, the friendships of the citizen, are not homogeneous. His house ought to show us his honest opinion of what his well-being consists in when he rests among his kindred, and forgets all affection, all compliance, and even all exertion of will. He brings home thither whatever commodities and ornaments have for years allured his pursuit, and his character must be seen in them. But what idea predominates in our houses? Thrift first, then Convenience and Pleasure. Take off all the roofs from street to street, and we shall seldom find the temple of any higher god than Prudence. The progress of domestic living has been in cleanliness,

in ventilation, in health, in decorum, in countless means and arts of comfort, in the concentration of all the utilities of every clime in each house. They are arranged for low benefits. The houses of the rich are confectioners' shops where we get sweetmeats and wine; the houses of the poor are imitations of these to the extent of their ability. With these ends housekeeping is not beautiful; it cheers and raises neither the husband, the wife, nor the child; neither the host, nor the guest; it oppresses women. A house kept to the end of prudence is laborious without joy; a house kept to the end of display is impossible to all but a few women, and their success is dearly bought.

If we look at this matter curiously, it becomes dangerous. We need all the force of an idea to lift this load; for the very wealth and multiplication of conveniences embarrass us, especially in northern climates. The shortest enumeration of our wants in this rugged climate appals us by the multitude of things not easy to be done. And if you look at the multitude of particulars, one would say, Good housekeeping is impossible. Order is too precious a thing to dwell with men and women. See how, in families where there is both substance and taste, at what expense any favorite punctuality is maintained. If the children, for example, are considered, dressed, dieted, attended, kept in proper company, schooled, and at home fostered by the parents—then does the hospitality of the house suffer. Friends are less carefully bestowed, the daily table less catered. If the hours of meals are punctual, the apartments are slovenly. If the linens and hangings are clean and fine and the furniture good, the yard, the garden, the fences are neglected. If all are well attended, then must the master and mistress be studious of particulars at the cost of their own accomplishments and growth, or persons are treated as things.

The difficulties to be overcome must be freely admitted; they are many and great. Nor are they to be disposed of by any criticism or amendment of particulars taken one at a time, but only by the arrangement of the household to a higher end than those to which our dwellings are usually built and furnished. And is there any calamity more grave, or that more deserves the best good will to remove it than this?—to go from chamber to chamber and see no beauty; to find in the housemates no aim; to hear an endless chatter and blast; to be compelled to criticise; to hear only to dissent and to be disgusted; to find no invitation to

what is good in us, and no receptacle for what is wise. This is a great price to pay for sweet bread and warm lodging—being defrauded of affinity, of repose, of heavenly culture, and the inmost presence of beauty.

It is a sufficient accusation of our ways of living, and certainly ought to open our ear to every good minded reformer, that our idea of domestic well-being now needs wealth to execute it. Give me the means, says the wife, and your house shall not annoy your taste nor waste your time. On hearing this, we understand how these Means have come to be so omnipotent on earth. And indeed the love of wealth seems to grow chiefly out of the root of the love of the Beautiful. The desire of gold is not for gold. It is not the love of much wheat and wool and household stuff. It is the means of freedom and benefit. We scorn shifts. We desire the elegance of munificence. We desire at least to put no stint or limit on our parents, relatives, guests, or dependents. We desire to play the benefactor and the prince with our townsmen, with the stranger at the gate, with the bard, or the beauty, with the man or woman of worth, who alights at our door. How can we do this, if the wants of each day imprison us in lucrative labors, and constrain us to a continual vigilance lest we be betrayed into expense?

Give us wealth, and the home shall exist. But that is a very poor solution, a very inglorious solution of the problem, and therefore no solution. "*Give us wealth.*" You ask too much. Few have wealth; but all must have a home. Men are not born rich; and in getting wealth, the man is generally sacrificed, and often is sacrificed without acquiring wealth at last. Besides, that can not be the right answer; there are objections to wealth. Wealth is a shift. The wise man angles with himself only, and with no meaner bait. Our whole use of wealth needs revision and reform. Generosity does not consist in giving money or money's worth. These so-called *goods* are only the shadow of good. To give money to a sufferer is only a come-off. It is only a postponement of the real payment, a bribe paid for silence—a credit system in which a paper promise to pay answers for the time instead of liquidation. We owe to man higher succors than food and fire. We owe to man man. If he is sick, is unable, is mean-spirited and odious, it is because there is so much of his nature which is unlawfully withheld from him. He should be

visited in this his prison with rebuke to the evil demons, with mainly encouragement, with no mean-spirited offer of condolence because you have not money, or mean offer of money as the utmost benefit, but by your heroism, by your purity, by your faith. You are to bring with you that spirit which is understanding—health and self-help. To offer him money in lieu of these, is to do him the same wrong as when the bridegroom offers his betrothed virgin a sum of money to release him from his engagements. The great depend on their heart, not on their purse. Genius and Virtue, like diamonds, are best plain set—set in lead, set in poverty. The greatest man in history was the poorest. How was it with the captains and sages of Greece and Rome—with Socrates, with Epaminondas? Aristides was made general receiver of Greece to collect the tribute which each state was to furnish against the barbarian. "Poor," says Plutarch, "when he set about it, poorer when he had finished it." How was it with Æmilius and Cato? What kind of house was kept by Paul and John? by Milton and Marvell? by Samuel Johnson, and John Paul Richter?

I think it plain at first sight that this voice of communities and ages—"Give us wealth, and the good household shall exist"—is vicious, and leaves the whole difficulty untouched. It is better, certainly, in this form: "Give us your labor, and the household begins." I see not how serious labor, the labor of all and every day, is to be avoided; and many things betoken a revolution of opinion and practice in regard to manual labor that may go far to aid our practical inquiry. Another age may divide the manual labor of the world more equally on all the members of society, and so make the labors of a few hours avail to the wants and add to the vigor of the man. But the reform that applies itself to the household must not be partial. It must correct the whole system of our social living. It must come with plain living and high thinking; it must break up caste and put domestic service on another foundation. It must come in connection with a true acceptance on the part of each man of his vocation—not chosen by his parents or friends, but by his genius, with earnestness and love.

Nor is this redress so hopeless as it seems. Certainly, if we begin by reforming particulars of our present system, correcting a few evils and letting the rest stand, we shall soon give up in

despair. For our social forms are very far from truth and equity. But the way to set the axe at the root of the tree is to raise our aim. Let us understand, then, that a house should bear witness in all its economy that human culture is the end to which it is built and garnished. It stands there under the sun and moon to ends analogous and not less noble than theirs. It is not for festivity, it is not for sleep ; but the pine and the oak shall gladly descend from the mountains to uphold the roof of men as faithful and necessary as themselves ; to be the shelter always open to the Good and the True ; a hall which shines with sincerity, brows ever tranquil, and a demeanor impossible to disconcert ; whose inmates know what they want ; who do not ask your house how theirs should be kept. They have aims : they can not pause for trifles. The diet of the house does not create its order, but knowledge, character, action, absorb so much life and yield so much entertainment, that the refectory has ceased to be so curiously studied. With a change of aim has followed a change of the whole scale by which men and things were wont to be measured. Wealth and Poverty are seen for what they are. It begins to be seen that the poor are only they who feel poor, and poverty consists in feeling poor. The rich, as we reckon them, and among them the very rich, in a true scale would be found very indigent and ragged. The great make us feel, first of all, the indifference of circumstances. They call into activity the higher perceptions and subdue the low habits of comfort and luxury ; but the higher perceptions find their objects everywhere : only the low habits need palaces and banquets.

Let a man, then, say, My house is here in the county, for the culture of the county, — an eating-house and sleeping-house for travelers it shall be, but it shall be much more. I pray you, O excellent wife, not to cumber yourself and me to get a rich dinner for this man or this woman who has alighted at our gate, nor a bed-chamber made ready at too great a cost. These things, if they are curious in, they can get for a dollar at any village. But let this stranger see, if he will, in your looks, in your accent and behavior, your heart and earnestness, your thought and will, which he can not buy at any price, at any village or city, and which he may well travel fifty miles and dine sparsely and sleep hard in order to behold. Certainly, let the board be spread and let the bed be dressed for the traveler ; but let not the emphasis of hospitality lie in these things. Honor to the house where they are

simple to the verge of hardship, so that there the intellect is awake and sees the laws of the universe, the soul worships truth and love; honor and courtesy flow into all deeds.

There was never a country in the world which could so easily exhibit this heroism as ours; never anywhere the State has made such efficient provision for popular education, where intellectual entertainment is so within reach of youthful ambition. The poor man's son is educated. There is many a humble house in every city, many in every town, where talent and taste, and sometimes genius, dwell with poverty and labor. Who has not seen, and who can see, unmoved, under a humble roof, the eager, blushing boys discharging as they can their household chores, and hastening into the sitting-room to the study of to-morrow's merciless lesson, yet stealing time to read a few pages more of the novel hardly smuggled into the tolerance of father and mother—atoning for the same by some pages of Plutarch or Goldsmith; the warm sympathy with which they kindle each other in school-yard, or in barn or wood-shed, with scraps of poetry or song, with scraps of the last oration, or mimicry of the orator; the youthful criticism, on Sunday, of the sermons; the school declamation faithfully rehearsed at home, sometimes to the fatigue, sometimes to the admiration of sisters; the first solitary joys of literary vanity, when the translation or the theme has been completed, sitting alone near the top of the house; the cautious comparison of the attractive advertisement of the arrival of Macready, Booth or Kemble, or of the discourse of a well-known speaker, with the expense of the entertainment; the affectionate delight with which they greet the return of each one after the early separations which school or business require; the foresight with which, during such absences, they hive the honey which opportunity offers for the ear and imagination of the others, and the unrestrained glee with which they disburthen themselves of their early mental treasures, when the holidays bring them again together. What is the hoop that holds them staunch? It is the iron band of poverty, of necessity, of austerity, which, excluding them from the sensual enjoyments which make other boys too early old, has directed their activity in safe and right channels, and made them, spite of themselves, reverers of the grand, the beautiful and the good. Ah! short-sighted students of books, of Nature and of man! too happy could they know their advantages.

They pine for freedom from that mild parental yoke ; they sigh for fine clothes, for rides, for the theatre, and premature freedom and dissipation which others possess. Woe to them, if their wishes were crowned ! The angels that dwell with them, and are weaving laurels of life for their youthful brows, are Toil, and Want, and Truth, and Mutual Faith.

In many parts of true economy a cheering lesson may be learned from the mode of life and manners of the later Romans, as described to us in the letters of the younger Pliny. Nor can I resist the temptation of quoting so trite an instance as the noble housekeeping of Lord Falkland in Clarendon :

His house being within little more than ten miles from Oxford, he contracted familiarity and friendship with the most polite and accurate men of that University, who found such an immenseness of wit, and such a solidity of judgment in him, so infinite a fancy, bound in by a most logical ratiocination, such a vast knowledge that he was not ignorant in anything, yet such an excessive humility, as if he had known nothing, that they frequently resorted and dwelt with him, as in a college situated in a purer air ; so that his house was a university in a less volume, whither they came, not so much for repose as study, and to examine and refine those grosser propositions which laziness and consent made current in vulgar conversation.

I honor that man whose ambition it is, not to win laurels in the state or the army, not to be a jurist or a naturalist, not to be a poet or a commander, but to be a master of living well, and to administer the offices of master or servant, of husband, father and friend. But it requires as much breadth of power for this as for those other functions — as much, or more, — and the reason for the failure is the same. I think the vice of our housekeeping is, that it does not hold man sacred. The vice of government, the vice of education, the vice of religion, is one with that of private life. There is yet no house, because there is yet no housekeeper. As the tenant, such will be the abode.

In the old fables, we used to read of a cloak brought from fairyland as a gift for the fairest and purest in Prince Arthur's court. It was to be her prize whom it would fit. Every one was eager to try it on, but it would fit nobody ; for this it was a world too wide, for that it dragged on the ground, and for that other it shrunk to a scarf. They, of course, said that the devil was in the mantle, for really the truth was in the mantle, and was exposing the ugliness which each would fain conceal. All drew back with terror from the garment. The innocent Genelas alone could wear it. In

like manner, every man is provided in his thought with a measure of man which he applies to every passenger. Unhappily, not one in thousands and thousands comes up to the stature and proportions of the model. Neither does the measurer himself, neither do the people in the street, neither do the select individuals whom he admires—the heroes of the race. When he inspects them critically, he discovers that their aims are low, that they are too quickly satisfied. He observes the swiftness with which life culminates, and the humility of the expectations of the greatest part of men. To each occurs, soon after the age of puberty, some event, or society, or way of living, which becomes the crisis of life, and the chief fact in their history. In woman it is love and marriage (which is more reasonable); and yet it is pitiful to date and measure all the facts and sequel of an unfolding life from such a youthful, and generally inconsiderate period, as the age of courtship and marriage. In men it is their place of education, their choice of an employment, or their settlement in a town, or their removal to the East or to the West, or some other magnified trifle, which makes the meridian moment, and all the after years and actions are only to derive interest from their relation to that. Hence it comes that we very soon catch the trick of each man's conversation, and knowing his two or three main facts, anticipate what he thinks of each new topic that rises. It is scarcely less perceivable in educated men, so called, than in the uneducated. I have seen finely endowed men at college festivals, ten, twenty years after they had left the seminary, returning, as it seemed, the same boys who went away. The same jokes pleased, the same straws tickled. The manhood and offices they brought thither at this return seemed mere ornamental masks—underneath they were boys yet. We never come to be citizens of the world, but are still villagers, who think that everything in their petty town is a little superior to the same thing anywhere else. In each the circumstance signalized differs, but in each is made the coal of an everburning egotism. In one, it was his going to sea; in a second, the difficulties he combatted in going to college; in a third, his journey to the West, or his voyage to Canton; in a fourth, his coming out of the Quaker Society; in a fifth, his new diet and regimen; in a sixth, his coming forth of the abolition organizations, and in a seventh, his going into them. It is a life of toys and trinkets. We are too easily pleased.

I think this sad result appears in the manners of men. The men

we see in each other do not give us the image and likeness of man. The men we see are whipped through the world ; they are harried, wrinkled and anxious ; they seem all the hacks of some invisible riders. How seldom do we behold tranquillity ! We have never yet seen a man. We do not know the majestic manners that belong to him, which appease and exalt the beholder. There are no divine persons with us, and the multitude do not hasten to be divine. And yet — and yet — we hold fast, all our lives long, a faith in a better life, in better men, in clean and noble relations, notwithstanding our total inexperience of a true society. Certainly, this was not the intention of Nature — to produce, with all this immense expenditure of means and power, so cheap and humble a result. The aspirations in the heart after the good and true, teach us better,—nay, the men themselves suggest a better life.

Every individual nature has its own beauty. One is struck in every company, at every fireside, with the riches of Nature, when he hears so many new tones, all musical, sees in each person original manners, which have a proper and peculiar charm, and reads new expressions of face. He perceives that Nature has laid for each the foundations of a divine building, if the soul will build thereon. There is no face, no form, which one can not in fancy associate with great power of intellect or with generosity of soul. In our experience, to be sure, beauty is not, as it ought to be, the dower of man and of woman as invariably as sensation. Beauty is, even in the beautiful, occasional,—or, as one has said, culminating and perfect only a single moment, before which it is unripe, and after which it is on the wane. But beauty is never quite absent from our eyes. Every face, every figure suggests its own right and sound estate. Our friends are not their own highest form. But let the hearts they have agitated witness what power has lurked in the traits of these structures of clay that pass and repass us. The secret power of form over the imagination and affections transcends all our philosophy. The first glance we meet may satisfy us that matter is the vehicle of higher powers than its own, and that no laws of line or surface can ever account for the inexhaustible expressiveness of form. We see heads that turn on the pivot of the spine — no more ; and we see heads that seem to turn on a pivot as deep as the axle of the world, so slow, and lazily, and great, they move. We see on the lip of our companion the presence or absence of the great masters of thought and poetry to his mind. We read in his brow,

on meeting him after many years, that he is where we left him, or that he has made great strides.

But besides that Nature and the hints we draw from man suggest a true and lofty life, a household equal to the beauty and grandeur of this world,—especially we learn the same thing from those best relations to individual men which the heart is always prompting us to form. Happy will that house be in which the relations are formed from character ; after the highest, and not after the lowest order ; the house in which character marries, and not confusion and a miscellany of unavowable motives.

Then shall marriage be as it should be : be a covenant to secure to either party the sweetness and handsomeness of being a calm, continuing, inevitable benefactor to the other. Yes, and the sufficient reply to the skeptic who doubts the power of man to elevate and to be elevated, is in that desire and power to stand in joyful and ennobling intercourse with individuals which makes the faith and the practice of all reasonable men.

The ornament of a house is the Friends who frequent it. There is no event greater in life than the appearance of new persons about our hearth, except it be the progress of the character which draws them. It has been finely added by Mr. Landor to his definition of the *great man*—"It is he who can call together the most select company when it pleases him."

A beautiful verse of the old Greek Menander remains, which runs in translation —

" Not on the store of sprightly wine,
Nor plenty of delicious meats,
Though generous Nature did design
To court us with perpetual treats,—
'Tis not on these we for content depend,
So much as on the shadow of a Friend."

It is the happiness which, where it is truly known, postpones all other satisfactions, and makes politics and commerce and churches cheap. For we figure to ourselves—do we not?—that when men shall meet as they should, as states meet, each a benefactor, a shower of falling stars, so rich with deeds, with thoughts, with so much accomplishment, that it should be the festival of Nature, which all things symbolize : and perhaps Love is only the highest symbol of friendship, as all other things seem symbols of love.

In the progress of each man's character, his relations to the

best men, which at first seem only the romances of youth, acquire a graver importance, and he will have learned the lesson of life who is skilful in the ethics of friendship.

Beyond its primary ends of the conjugal and parental relation, the household should cherish the beautiful arts and the sentiment of veneration.

1. Whatever brings the dweller into a finer life, what educates his eye, his ear or his hand, whatever purifies and enlarges him, may well find place there. And yet let him not think that a property in beautiful objects is necessary to his apprehension of them, and seek to turn his house into a museum. Rather let the noble practice of the Greeks find place in our society, in whose country, it would seem, every statue and painting was public, it being considered absurd and profane to pretend a property in a work of art, which belonged to whosoever could see it.

A better era may organize in our community so just a way of thinking, and the creations of the plastic arts may be collected with care in galleries by the piety and taste of the people, and yielded as freely as the sunlight to all. Meantime, be it remembered, we are artists ourselves, and competitors each one with Phidias and Raphael in the production of what is graceful or grand. The fountain of beauty is the heart, and every generous thought illustrates the walls of your chamber.

Why should we owe our power of attracting our friends to pictures and vases, to cameos and architecture? Why should we convert ourselves into showmen and appendages to our fine houses and our works of art? If by love and nobleness we take up into ourselves the beauty we admire, we shall spend it again on all around us.

The man, the woman, needs not the embellishment of canvas and marble, whose every act is a subject for the sculptor, and to whose eye the gods and nymphs never appear ancient, for they know by heart the whole instinct of majesty.

In this connection I have a suggestion to offer. As is the house, so is the neighborhood and the town. It seems to me that our communities, or towns of houses, ought to yield each other more solid benefit than we have yet learned to draw from them; for example, the providing the single individual with the means and apparatus of science and of the elegant arts. There are a great

many articles of the highest value for occasional inspection which few men are able to own, and which really few men, or perhaps, no man wishes to own ; for instance, a telescope. Every man, every child wishes to see the ring of Saturn, the belts of Jupiter and Mars, the mountains and craters in the moon ; yet how few can buy a telescope, and of these, scarcely one would wish the trouble of keeping it in order and exhibiting it. The same remark applies to electrical and to chemical apparatus. There are a great many books which every man sometimes wishes to consult, which he neither is able nor desirous to possess ; such as encyclopædias, dictionaries, charts, maps ; pictures of birds, beasts, shells, trees, flowers, whose names he desires to know, but which he only wants for occasional reference, and by no means wishes to own.

Especially is this true of works of the fine arts, such as pictures, and prints, and sculptures. There is an influence from these works on a prepared mind that is as positive as the influence of music — indescribably pleasing and refining, and not to be supplied from any other source. But who can own such things as pictures, and engravings, and statues, and casts ? They are a very costly kind of property, and immediately entail new expenses, as of framing, and rooms for their exhibition ; and the use which any man can make of them is only rare, and their value is greatly enhanced by the numbers of men who can share the enjoyment of them. I go to Rome and see on the walls of the Vatican the Transfiguration, painted by Raphael, reckoned the first picture in the world ; or in the Sistine Chapel I see the grand sibyls and prophets, painted in fresco by Michael Angelo, — which have every day now for three hundred years inflamed the imagination and exalted the piety of what vast multitudes of men of all nations. I wish to bring home to my children and my friends copies of these admirable forms, which I can find in the shops of the engravers : but I do not wish the vexation of owning them. I wish to find in my own town a library and museum which is the property of all the town, where I can deposit this precious treasure, where I and my children can see it from time to time, and where it has its proper place among hundreds of such donations from all the other citizens who have also brought thither whatever articles they have judged to be in their nature rather a public than a private property.

A collection of this kind, the property of each neighborhood, of each town, would dignify each town ; it would draw the bonds

of neighborhood closer ; a town would then be a town for an intellectual and humane purpose also, and we should love and respect our neighbors more. Obviously, it would be very easy for every town to discharge this truly municipal duty. Every one of us would gladly contribute his share ; and the more gladly, the more considerable the institution had become.

In Europe, where the feudal form of society secures the permanence of wealth in certain families, those families in each town buy and preserve these things and throw them open to the public. That is the reason why our own countrymen of taste and education desire to go to Europe—to visit the galleries and libraries that are there preserved in a hundred palaces. But in America, where democratic institutions regularly divide every great estate into small portions again after a few years, it is necessary that the public should step into the place of these permanent proprietors, and a lyceum, a public library, a public gallery, should exist in every town and village for the education and inspiration of all the individuals.

2. Certainly, not aloof from this homage to beauty, but in strict connexion therewith, the house will come to be esteemed a Sanctuary. The language of a ruder age has given to common law the maxim that every man's house is his castle : the progress of truth will make every house a shrine. Will not man one day open his eyes and see how dear he is to the soul of Nature—how near it is to him ? Will he not rise above the fogs that blind him, and see that Law prevails forever and ever ; that his private being is a part of it ; that its home is in his own unsounded heart ; that his economy, his labor, his good and bad fortune, his health and manners, are all a curious and exact demonstration in miniature of the Genius of the Eternal Providence ? When he perceives the Law, he ceases to despond. Whilst he sees it, every thought and act of his is raised, and becomes an act of religion. Does the consecration of Sunday confess of the desecration of the entire week ? Does the consecration of the church confess the profanation of the house ? Let us read the incantation backward. Let the man stand on his feet. Let religion cease to be occasional. And the pulses of thought that go to the borders of the universe, let them proceed from the bosom of the Household.

These are the consolations—these are the ends to which the

household is instituted, and the roof-tree stands. If these are sought, and in any good degree attained, can the State, can commerce, can climate, can the labor of many for one, yield anything better, or half as good? Beside these aims, Society is weak and the State an intrusion. I think that the heroism which at this day would make on us the impression of Epaminondas and Phocion must be that of a domestic conqueror. He who shall bravely and gracefully subdue this Gorgon of Convention and Fashion, and show men how to lead a clean, handsome and heroic life amid the beggarly elements of our cities and villages; whoso shall teach me how to eat my meat, and take my repose, and deal with men, without any shame following, will restore the life of man to splendor, and make his own name dear to all history.

CORREGGIO'S MAGDALEN.

BY J. A.

SHE lies at length along the scented ground,
One hand lost in a cloud of falling hair,
One undergrasps the book: there is no sound
Nor motion in the air.

Her parted lips move not, but ever seem
Like one who, sleeping, hears not, breathes not,
Lest any breath should break his trancing dream
And make his bliss forgot.

She reads the story which the Sibyl kept,
Ere, in her anger at the world's disdain,
The eager wind with fatal fingers swept
The scroll of Saturn's reign.

BESIDE me sat one of the few, one gifted
To draw some keen rays from the sun of Truth,
And guide them to the freezing hearts of men;
Whose mind, full, ardent, to his race o'erflowing,
And by vocation given to heavenly themes,
Asked but one genial touch to wake to music,
And sing, like Memnon, of a fairer morning,
Which knows no cloud, nor leads to sultry noon.

THE MORAL DIAGNOSIS OF DISEASE.

BY A PENITENT INVALID.

I.

I KNEW that I was convalescent on a certain day when I caught a clear glimpse of the criminal career I had been pursuing, all the while supposing myself, supposed by others, a martyr. What had I committed? I had leagued myself with such banditti as Ague, Fever, Liver-disease; with them had waylaid my nearest friends and relatives and robbed them of their inestimable treasures. It was the least of my villainies that I picked my father's pocket and buried its hard-earned contents in a doctor's shop; in the silence of night I vastated my mother's nerves, and, by robbing her of sleep, pilfered several years of her life; one-third of the rest I poisoned with headache. Yet I was a hugged assassin—they were betrayed with kisses!

One day it struck me that something THE DEVIL was the matter!

Whereupon an introspective diagnosis revealed the suspected cloven-foot all along palate, stomach and liver. He had passed in under cover of mince-pie, of fruit-cake; he had lurked in late suppers, and never failed to slip into the last half of the second cup of coffee. When once in, he turned "bowels of mercies" into thumbscrews and racks for myself and every one around me. Thus because I had not taken the trouble to know the simplest laws of my own nature, or had not practised the slightest rules of self-denial, I had spanseled everybody in the house with my biliary duct, and frozen up the wells of contentment with my chills. My ague came down on our domestic peace like an iceberg on a small craft; my fever came, a tropical monsoon, to wither and blight the flowers of our home.

Then I began to see things as they are. I repented; I armed myself against the wiles of the Evil One. In many tempting forms he came, in rich food, in cramping fashions, in total-abstinence fanaticisms; I quenched his fire-darts in Holy Water.

But I found that my penitence would be in vain, and my life of health a perpetual battle, unless I should take the Sacraments. In the Church of Health I found that there were two Sacraments, both necessary.

The first is the Lord's Supper. The difficulty with most

suppers is, that they are not arranged with reference to the Lord within us : they are the Palate's and the Belly's Suppers ; and they are such stuff as the Lord has come very low to bless and break. That which we eat and drink should be His very body and blood.

The second Sacrament is Baptism. This must be by immersion, not sprinkling, and in cool water. All water is holy water ; it is a crystal stream flowing out from the everlasting Throne ; it is a river that makes glad the city of God. It is sent to wash our sins away ; in it is health, and health is Religion.

II.

Van Vulture, my neighbor, assisted by a preacher who comes daily to tell him how much more the Lord loveth those chastened with dyspepsia than those who have godless eupeptic stomachs, has been perched for more than a year upon his wife and children, preying on their vitals. The uttered prayers for his restoration, the unuttered ones for his flight to happier spheres, have been unanswered : Van Vulture recovers not, flies not,—

“Still is sitting, still is sitting,”

with beak active upon his devoted Promethea Vinceta and her children.

The other day I called on them. The wife and children were dining on a venerable loaf of bread and equally venerable remnant of ham — indeed, the whole room as well as the table reminded me of Hogarth's Tailpiece : here were broken chairs, worn-out brooms, cracked glasses, etc. As I went up stairs to see the invalid who was the artist in this case, I could scarcely suppress a hope that he would complete it as Hogarth did his, by adding his own palette broken ! When I approached Van V., I found him serenely dining on a brace of partridges, some East India sweetmeats and vermicelli, and a bottle of cabinet champagne at his side. “The good Lord,” he remarked, “has sent me quails on my way through the wilderness of affliction.”

Presently Mrs. Van V. entered the sick-room, looking pale enough to take the place of her prostrate husband. She was bonneted and gloved.

Mrs. Van V. My dear, I thought I would take our little Kitty on a little walk. If you wish anything, please knock on the floor for Bridget. (*Handing poker.*)

Mr. Van V. (Eyes turned up desolately to the ceiling, with an affectation unknown outside of sick-rooms) H-e-i-g-h-h-o-o.

Exit Mrs. Van Vulture, to return in one minute and fifteen seconds, bonnetless and gloveless ; little Kitty with red eyes sits at the window with the everlasting transparent slate in her hands.

"Van Vulture," cried I, "have you ever read much about Dr. Johnson?"

"No, sir."

"He was a man who made some profound remarks, sir,—very profound remarks, though some of them were quite brutal. Amongst other things, he once said, *Every man is a rascal when he is sick.* Good morning, sir!"

I heard subsequently that I was for this voted "a brute" by the neighbors, and prayed for by Van Vulture's consoler, the Rev. Choker Bronchitis ; yet I am convinced that Doctor Johnson's remark is the only saving clause in the case of Van V. and hundreds like him ; and that if it were not for that truth, they should be treated as we would treat any savages whom we met bearing the scalps of men, women and children on their wipers.

III.

The pale victims bound on the altar of the invalid could tell us some close truths, if only the bands and ligatures of affection and self-devotion were removed. As it is, the artless truth will slip out occasionally. Very many times do we hear affectionate relatives excuse all manner of petulance, jealousy, suspicion, discourtesy, and general disagreeableness, by saying, "Poor man, his dyspepsia is very bad this year!"

Reader, I will here confide to you a private theological opinion of my own, one which you will not find in the Institutes of Calvin or Watson, nor even with Dr. Channing : it is this, that Dyspepsia and the Devil are one and the same Being.

This I discovered on losing a friend a few months since, through a little fit of indigestion which he had. I have been careful since to find before I speak to a friend whether his ear happens at the time to be in his head or his epigastric region.

How many ugly family quarrels, verging upon poker and broomstick, have arisen from mince-pies shared lovingly at eleven the night before ! In the Persian Litany it is said, "O Mezdarn, save us from the fetters of dark and evil matter !"

Who has not experienced with Mr. Emerson the difficulty of making the stomach a gentleman? Yet we think it the duty of a gentleman to turn up our noses at the priesthood of the Cuisine, and to hide on the remotest shelf of our libraries the *Almanach des Gourmands* along with *The Art of Tying the Cravat*. In a higher civilization the *Règles de Gastronomie Transcendante* will stand on the shelf uniform with *Holy Living and Dying*. We shall hear sermons preached from such texts as these from Barba :

"La sobriété est la conscience des estomacs.

"L'homme est un sublime alambic. Les sensations, les acts, les passions, l'imagination, tout enfin, dans l'admirable appareil que l'on nomme corps, concourt à un but unique, la digestion."

"I lack words," says Brillat Savarin, "to express my contempt for a man who would be so discourteous to his stomach as to eat or drink too much, or who would commit an indigestion."

Commit an indigestion! The sentence is Socratic.

IV.

Beauty rides on a lion.

No foliation of shaft or arch can make them beautiful unless they are strong enough to support what they are set to support. Venus must rest upon the lion of health, and can not substitute pallor and the hectic fire for the lily and the rose.

This parable reminds us that our popular Christianity has not fulfilled the law of the higher formation. It must everywhere sum up all the preceding formations, and lose none of their contributions, as the animal generations are summed up in the forehead of man. Jesus meant that his religion should do this: "This is the Father's will concerning me, that of all which He hath given me I should lose nothing, but should raise it up." Is our One God sufficient unless He contain the Pantheon of the Past? What is there in the Church to-day to repay the loss of Hercules, of Apollo, of Venus? We need as much as ever forms herculean and fair. Still should we worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness (wholeness). The great Christian Ideas need great Christian sinews and transfigurable forms.

V.

Why should we cover up the moral evils of Invalidism, even when we feel most tenderly toward its individual subjects? We all know that one who is sickly is a destroyer of innumerable and

precious moments, talents and energies. What fair lives and strong capacities have had to abandon their sacred tasks, and turn aside from the sun-path of success, to waste away beside a sick couch ! It matters not that it is a burthen willingly or joyfully undertaken by affectionate hearts ; it is all the worse that such heroism and patience are divorced from the living interests of life. It makes but little difference if the sickness is borne with the most patient spirit. The fatal fact remains, that the God-given moments of many lives are falling away, sand by sand,—sands, and nothing more. Everything is, by the human Law, postponed to sickness : Life is eagerly bound to the chariot-wheels of Death.

We honor the sacrifice ; for Mercy's call should be heard above all others ; but this is a bloody sacrifice, only a type of the Living Sacrifice. If we are saved by this death of our lives, how much rather by their life !

Is this a heartless view ? It is worth being esteemed heartless to come into a right and true understanding with the Destroying Angel of Homes. It is painful to have invalids told that they are afflicting as they are afflicted : probes and lancets are also painful.

VI.

“ But how can we help being sick ? Did we make the ills that flesh is heir to ? What defence is against inheritance ? Suppose it is ignorance of the laws of health : are we responsible for such ignorance ? ”

It is true that tendencies to disease are inherited by some ; also that circumstances may not have allowed many to know the laws of prevention and remedy ; the epidemics, too, lurk as highwaymen on our paths. Therefore in estimating the *morale* of health, a certain extent of absolution must be allowed. There is not one healthy person on the face of the earth : therefore we are all responsible only for the health of diseased persons. Suppose a person to inherit a tendency to consumption, so that it is likely that the constitution will not last over thirty years : then thirty well-preserved and used years would be the health of that person ; twenty-five or twenty would be immoral,—that is, would be the result of thin shoes, exposure, or some other violation of the protective laws which environ us.

In speaking of moral and immoral in this connection, it must be remembered that we mean, simply, to show that the body par-

takes of the spiritual consciousness ; it is the shadow of the idea organized in it, which we term Soul, and as a shadow represents the deformities and beauties of the substance casting it. A man can not be better or wiser than what his faculties are equal to : so he can not be healthier than his organization allows. But Nature loves health better than disease, and gladly coöperates with any brave attempt to starve out a baleful inheritance. Your footsteps are dogged by some beast of transmission ; but are you not throwing it now a bone, now a loaf, in some evil habit, or thoughtless adventure ? How much of the evil would be, in a generation or two, at least, sloughed off, if it were solemnly taught in the household that late hours are as bad as profanity ; that self-neglect or indulgence, exposure, over-eating and drinking are equally wicked with falsehood and slander ! How much would be gained if the waste of life, both to the unhealthy and others around them, could be so represented that a certain stigma and meanness should attach to invalidism !

VII.

Old Mrs. Influenza Crammit was kept sick twenty years, and every other year brought to death's door by a fault in her Hermeneutics.

You shall judge. This lady lived in her body as in a cheap summer-house, and one sadly in want of repair, too : it was in a rickety condition, and would barely have served for a month or two of the year. She lived (?) in it, however, the year round, though the rain came in here and the snow there. The result was, Mrs. C. had a perpetual cold. One day I found the invalid with rations for a regiment before her, and complaining that she had not the appetite to dispose of it.

"Good heavens, Madame," I cried, "why should you wish to dispose of that food in your present state ?"

"But, then, I have a dreadful cold !"

"Alas, are you then become so desperate, my poor friend ? Is there no relief but suicide ?"

"Suicide !" screamed she ; "who said anything about suicide ?"

"Did you not say you were devouring this mass of food because you had a dreadful cold ?"

"To be sure : the rule is (isn't it ?), *Feed a cold and starve a fever.*"

"Madame, your Hermeneutics are in a most dangerous condition."

"My which? — my how?"

"Your Rules of Interpretation. The Proverb is, 'Feed a cold and *you'll have to starve* a fever;' that is, Feed your cold and you raise a fiend from the nethermost Fire, and lucky indeed will you be if you can starve him off your track."

"Lord bless me!" cried Mrs. Crammit, "and here I've been stuffing for this cold twenty years!"

[To be concluded.]

PSYCHOLOGY OF OPIUM AND HASHEESH.

HASHEESH.

In the sap of *Cannabis Indica* is found a peculiar resinous substance which is the most powerful of known narcotics,—so powerful that in even northern countries, where the proportion of resin in the plant is so small that it had well nigh escaped observation, one can not long remain in a hemp-field without experiencing that sickening giddiness which leads on to catalepsy as surely as the Mississippi to the sea.

The narcotic effects of this plant, which is *hasheesh*, are similar in many respects to those of opium, but they differ from them very widely in others, the most notable of which is this: while opium lessens the sensibility to external impressions, and creates an inhuman love of solitude, *hasheesh* immeasurably increases the susceptibility of the senses, so much so that its devotee is made the creature and very slave of impressions from without. All the objects of sensation are endowed with supernatural attributes and proportions. A straw put in the path of one possessed by the *fantasia* presents an insurmountable obstacle, and the slightest dangers overpower the mind with cowardice. Even the slight noises which one hears at night, occasioned by changes of temperature, in the timbers of the house, are liable to throw the *hasheeshin* into horrible convulsions of fear. Time and space are magnified into frightful proportions. Minutes become æons, eternities—one may writhe in Gehenna for ages, or, confined beneath the foundations of the world, hear the solemn tramp of a thousand

centuries, and waking, find the second-hand has not travelled once round the dial. The walls of a college dormitory burst asunder, and station themselves at sublime distances, and dome erects itself on dome, until the eye shrinks blinded by infinity. Even the body itself is not exempt from this wonderful expansion. Bayard Taylor, when under the influence of hasheesh, felt that he existed through a vast extent of space. "The blood," he says, "pulsed from my heart, sped through uncounted leagues before it reached my extremities; the air drawn into my lungs expanded into a sea of limpid ether, and the arch of my skull was broader than the vault of heaven. Within the concave that held my brain were fathomless deeps of blue; clouds floated there, and the winds of heaven rolled them together, and there shone the sun." Then, too, all the operations of the vital organism often become the objects of introverted observation, and all the secret and mysterious economy of animal life is revealed: the blood is followed by an uneludible eye through the very minutest vein and artery, and the victim is painfully conscious of the opening and closing of every valve in his body, while the heart becomes a mighty engine, the roar of whose machinery causes the earth to vibrate.

There is something infinitely ludicrous in many of the freaks which the demon of hasheesh plays with the imagination. Mr. Taylor imagined himself a mass of transparent jelly, which a confectioner was pouring into a twisted mould; he writhed in agonizing contortions in endeavoring to accomplish his gelatinous destiny, and had so far succeeded that only one foot remained outside, when another mould of more crooked and intricate shape was substituted. He was so convulsed with laughter at his own movements that the tears flowed from his eyes in streams,—but judge of his amazement, when "every drop that fell immediately became a large loaf of bread, and tumbled on the shop-board of a baker at Damascus." The more he laughed, the faster fell the loaves, until the poor baker seemed to be in imminent peril of his life. At another time Mr. Taylor was standing on the top of the great pyramid of Cheops, when he suddenly discovered that it was not built of limestone, as previous travellers had foolishly supposed, but of huge, square plugs of Cavendish tobacco. A friend of his, who had taken hasheesh at the same time, suddenly sprang to the floor, crying, with a shriek of laughter, "Ye gods! I am a locomotive!" For two or three hours he paced the room with meas-

ured strides, turning imaginary wheels at his sides, exhaling violent jets of breath, and whenever he spoke, "jerking out his syllables with the disjointed accent peculiar to a steam engine." Being seized with the awful thirst which often accompanies the hasheesh delirium, he raised a pitcher of water to his lips, but before he had taken a mouthful he set it down again, exclaiming in a yell of laughter, "*How can I take water into my boiler while I am letting off steam?*"

That from the sublime to the ridiculous is but a step, has never been so fully illustrated as in the hasheesh fantasia. Indeed, the ludicrous in this madness is only bounded by its unutterable sublimities; and the transitions from grave to gay, from unquenchable burnings in Gehenna to the multitudinous laughs of a Bacchanalian feast, is instantaneous. This is powerfully illustrated by some of the visions of Fitzhugh Ludlow. After wandering down grand arboreal arches, formed of giant cedars of Lebanon, accompanied by snowy-bearded, glorious bards, who sang to the music of lyres of unearthly workmanship,—after being borne aloft upon the glory of their strains, until he floated in a trance among the burning choir of the seraphim, he was suddenly set down in a large apartment resembling the Senate Chamber at Washington, "in the midst of a most witchly congress." On the dais sat an old crone, *knit of purple yarn*. "In faultless order the stitches ran along her face; in every pucker of her reëntrant mouth, in every wrinkle of her brow, she was a yarny counterfeit of the grandam of actual life; and by some skillful process of stuffing, her nose had received its due peak, and her chin its projection. The occupants of the seats below were all but reproductions of their president, and both she and they were constantly swaying from side to side, forward and back, to the music of some invisible instruments, whose tone and style were most intensely and ludicrously Ethiopian. Not a word was spoken by any of the woolly conclave, but with untiring industry they were all knitting, knitting, knitting, ceaselessly, as if their lives depended on it. . . . *They were knitting old women like themselves!* One of the sisterhood had nearly brought her double to completion; earnestly another was engaged in rounding out an eyeball; another was fastening the gathers at the corners of a mouth; another was setting up the stitches for an old woman in petto.

"With marvellous rapidity the work went on; ever and anon

some completed crone sprang from the needles which had just achieved her, and, instantly vivified, took up the instruments of reproduction, and fell to work as assiduously as if she had been a member of the congress since the world began." "Here," cried the intruder, "here, at last, do I recognize the meaning of endless progression!" The dome echoed with his peals of laughter, but there was "no motion of astonishment in the stitches of a single face, as for dear life the manufactured old women went on unobstructed by the involuntary rudeness." The intruder was seized with an irresistible desire "to snatch up a quartette of needles and join the sisterhood;" his nose began to ruffle with stitches, and the next moment, he says, would have seen him a partner in their yarny destinies but for a hand that pulled him backward through the door, and shut the congress forever from his view.

Once, in company with a friend, the author of "The Hasheesh Eater" paid a visit to the prophet Jonah, who still occupied marine lodgings, "rather cold and damp, to be sure, yet commanding a fine water privilege." Leviathan, having kindly rested his lower jaw upon the beach, raised the portcullis, and allowed them to pass in. They descended a rickety, wooden staircase, and emerging into a shabbier apartment than ever dawned upon the Visiting Committee of a Benevolent Sewing-Circle, they beheld the prophet, looking unutterably lean, seated on a rush-bottomed chair, "mending his sole pair of unmentionables by the aid of a small needle-book . . . which his mother had given him on leaving home." A shaky, pine table, with "a battered, brazen candlestick holding an inch of half-luminous tallow," and a "dog's-eared copy of Watt's Hymns, completed the furniture.

"How do you like your situation?" asked one of the visitors.

"Leaky," replied Jonah; "find the climate don't agree with me. I often wish I hadn't come."

"Can't you leave here when you want to? I should think you would clear out, if you find it uncomfortable."

"I have repeatedly asked my landlord to make out his bill, and let me go," replied the old gentleman, "but he isn't used to casting up his prophets, and I don't know when I shall get off."

Just then Leviathan called out in a hoarse voice to know if the visitors were "going to stay all night, as he wanted to put down the shutters." They hastily took leave, and, running up the rick-

ety stairs, emerged from the jaws of the monster just as he was shoving off into deep water.

But, after all, though the hasheeshin is permitted to mingle, as it were, in the laughter of the gods, he is quite as often, and without a moment's warning, plunged into agonies which no tongue can describe. He may walk the earth for a hundred centuries forsaken by God and man, accompanied only by mocking shadows of himself, and the soul-rending presence of innumerable demons ; or may live in a world where through all the infinitudes of space nothing meets his eye which is not of iron, "white-hot, and dazzling with the glory of the nether penetralia ;" now he exists amid terrific silences, and anon the universe resounds with such horrid profanities "as beyond the abodes of the lost no lips are capable of uttering." He enters upon a tremendous life, which no one can share ; even the tones of his own voice become alien and dreadful, and a horrid suspicion of everything human enters his soul.

There is no other external influence, light perhaps excepted, which operates so powerfully upon one under the dominion of hasheesh as music. The notes frequently become materialized and take the form of flowers in innumerable varieties, which wreath themselves into garlands and bouquets, or of precious stones, rising in fountains of a thousand hues, and falling in matchless cascades. One, remembering the words "Architecture is frozen music," saw with the ascending notes "grand battlements rise immensely into the sky ;" with the descending notes they sank again, and through all the song he "sat enamored of one delicious dance of Parian marble." The same person, listening to Mendelssohn's Funeral March, which he had never before heard, and without even knowing its name, witnessed the following marvellous vision, which is related by Mr. Ludlow :

"The prelude began. With its first harmonious rise and fall the dreamer was lifted into the choir of a grand cathedral. . . . The windows of the nave and transept were emblazoned, in the most gorgeous coloring, with incidents culled from saintly lives. Far off in the chancel monks were loading the air with essences which streamed from their golden censers ; on the pavement, of inimitable mosaic, kneeled a host of reverent worshipers in silent prayer.

"Suddenly, behind him, the great organ began a plaintive minor, like the murmur of some bard relieving his heart in threnody. The minor was joined by a gentle treble voice among the choir in which he stood. The low wail rose and fell as with the expression of wholly human emotion. One by one the remaining singers joined it, and now he heard, thrilling to the very roof of the cathedral, a wondrous Miserere. But the pathetic delight of hearing was soon supplanted by, or rather mingled with, a new sight in the body of the pile below him. At the farther end of the nave a great door slowly swung open, and a bier entered, supported by solemn bearers. Upon it lay a coffin covered by a heavy pall, which, being removed as the bier was set down in the chancel, discovered the face of the sleeper. IT WAS THE DEAD MENDELSSOHN!

"The last cadence of the death-chant died away; the bearers, with heavy tread, carried the coffin through an iron door to its place in the vault; one by one the crowd passed out of the cathedral, and at last, in the choir, the dreamer stood alone."

What is very remarkable, the manifestations of hasheesh almost invariably take an Oriental form. This may very naturally lead to the supposition that this narcotic has exerted a peculiar influence in the formation of Eastern character and institutions. We know what mighty results were wrapped up in its use by those Ishmaelitish Assassins (*Hasheeshins* or *Hashashins*) over whom the Old Man of the Mountain bore sway. We see, also, how it has affected Eastern literature. There are few of us who have not been entranced by the unspeakable witchery of the "Arabian Nights." The seemingly inexhaustible fountains of marvel which lay hidden in the brain of the beautiful Scheherazade, not only for a Thousand and One Nights beguiled the dreadful purposes of Death, but are evermore a source of delight and inspiration to far off men and nations. These stories are essentially an Oriental creation, and stand alone, having neither rival nor counterpart anywhere in the republic of letters. But not only has the sun kissed them, until they blush like a beautiful maiden clasped in burning embrace, but the divine aroma of hasheesh exhales from them, and takes the soul captive with its unutterable sorceries.

But we must come *per saltum* to the end. There are very many wonderful phenomena connected with hasheesh-eating, of which

not even a hint can be given now. In the "Hasheesh Eater," Mr. Fitzhugh Ludlow has given to the world a more wonderful book, in many respects, than the Confessions of De Quincey. He, like his great prototype, has explored weird and unfrequented regions of the mind, and has returned with strange words upon his tongue. Like De Quincey, he was reduced to appalling slavery; all his life was poisoned by the vampire which he hugged to his bosom. In his mad thirst after sensual gratification he had prostituted the virgin purity of his soul, and she in turn dragged him into the nethermost depths of human misery. Death or insanity stared him in the face. He at last made an effort to break from his thralldom, and succeeded.

The mystic realms of hasheesh, like those of opium, are cut off from most Occidentals as by Cherubim and Flaming Swords—

"The crowd in the aisles may watch the door,
The High Priest only enters in."

Let us be thankful for this. And, after all, what need of resorting to *stimuli*, in any of their forms, for inspiration? The infinite and dear God fills the universe with his presence, surrounding us with heavenly beauty, and with grandeur awful and unspeakable, and whosoever will walk abroad in a devout, earnest, simple and receptive spirit, the same shall sit down by the ancient fountains of inspiration and dwell there forever and ever.

THE OLD HILL BY THE SEA.

BY J. M. GOODWIN.

WELL I mind me when, e'er manhood brought its sobering, chastening
care,

I used, on summer Sabbath-days, to climb the hill beside the sea,
And, while lying gazing, dreaming, how along the trembling air,
From the far-off village steeple, came the bell's sweet chime to me!
How it blended with the distance-softened murmur of the ocean,
So gently heaving in the breathing of its placid summer sleep,
That its whispering 'mong the pebbles seemed a lullaby to Nature;
While the sad and soothing sighing of the light wind in the cedars
Made the answer of land spirits to their sisters of the deep.

VIEWS OF THEODORE PARKER.

1. Tributes to Theodore Parker, comprising the Exercises at the Music Hall, on Sunday, June 17, 1860. With the Proceedings of the New England Anti-Slavery Convention, at the Melodeon, May 31; and the Resolutions of the Fraternity and the Twenty-Eighth Congregational Society. Boston: Published by the Fraternity. 1860.
2. A Look at the Life of Theodore Parker: A Discourse delivered in the Indiana-Place Chapel, June 3, 1860. By James Freeman Clarke. Boston: Walker, Wise & Co.
3. Theodore Parker: A Sermon preached in New York, June 10, 1860. By Rev. O. B. Frothingham. Boston: Walker, Wise & Co.
4. The Christian Minister, the Man of God: A Discourse delivered before the Graduating Class of the Divinity School in Harvard University, July 15, 1860. By Charles T. Brooks. Boston: Walker, Wise & Co.
5. A Discourse, preached in the West Church, on Theodore Parker. By C. A. Bartol. Boston: Crosby, Nichols, Lee & Co.
6. A Discourse, delivered in the Church of the Unity, after the death of Theodore Parker. By Geo. H. Hepworth. Published by request. Boston: Crosby, Nichols, Lee & Co.
7. A Tribute to the Memory and Services of the Rev. Theodore Parker. From a Discourse pronounced in the Bulfinch-Street Church, Boston, June 3, 1860. By W. R. Alger. Walker, Wise & Co.

The presence of Theodore Parker in Boston as a minister necessarily in regular standing, because there was no law under which he could be expelled the Boston Association, his Church regularly catalogued as a Congregational Society, was a fact more eloquent and significant than any of his discourses. Not before did the Christian world come face to face with the *ultimatum* of Protestantism. Not before did it fully perceive that in the *ovum* of the right to reject the Pope was the right to reject the authenticity of the Bible, and that both were equally Christian rights under the Law it had inaugurated. The lesson of Parker's life is: Back to Rome and be a spiritual chimpanzee, or on to Reason and be a man! The story runs that Saturn made an oyster and feared to make anything higher, lest under such a precedent a being should come who would be stronger than he was; but at last, over-persuaded, he made a higher, and then from that sprang a higher, until at last Jupiter came, who dethroned Saturn. The only safe motto of that love of Chaos which calls itself Conservatism, is, *Obsta principiis*. The first step involves all the rest. Nothing is plainer than that at

some time the whole Protestant world is to be Parkerite ; nay, it can not end there, but Parkerism will one day become the conservative faith, so called, building fine churches and resisting the heresies which will arise in its borders.

To the above list of discourses we might have added a few more ; for the tributes to the dead Parker were almost as numerous as the denunciations of the living Parker. Men have been heard whining over his grave, because they knew that the hearts of the people would be thrilled by one name on that day, whether they uttered it or not, who refused to send one generous word to the dying man, except in the mean, secret way. One is reminded of the story of Esculapius. It will be remembered that this eminent physician cured all diseases ; he knew the antidote of every bane that men or gods could inflict. If a man was poisoned, or struck with lightning, Esculapius had only to be sent for and the man was well. Finally Pluto said, "This will never do : Hell will be depopulated." So he, the god of Hades, sent word to Jupiter that unless Esculapius could be stopped, there was no use in a hell at all ; adding that already half of Hades consisted of "apartments to let." Now Jupiter replied that he also disliked this power of the great physician ; his thunder was of little use, for no sooner had he killed somebody he didn't like, but Esculapius would go and bring him to life again. So, finally, after consultation, it was agreed that the too knowing physician should be disposed of. Jupiter killed Esculapius with a flash of lightning. *But after this it was agreed on all sides that Esculapius should be set as a constellation in the Heavens.* But the later mythology tells that the rays of the stars in that constellation mingled with the juices of the Earth and brought up plants that can heal all diseases.

So was the living Parker a troublesome fellow ; Parker depopulating the hells of America—social, political, religious—was intolerable. What was the use of a Fugitive Slave Bill if this man managed to get every one who enforced it into Coventry ? What was the use of fine churches, if this man took away the warm religious heart of the people, leaving empty pews ? So on him fall the anathemas, the wormwood and the gall : and now he lies dead upon his cross. But as Parker in the concrete was unbearable, Parker in the abstract is magnificent. So he must be a Constellation, and each narrow little parish priest comes to try and

get some little star of his rhetoric associated with the great dead. But if American Demagogueism, and Mercantile Selfishness, and Religious Bigotry think they have got rid of the potency of this man, by this means, we hasten to warn them that every ray that shines down from that Constellation is a revolutionary ray; that each is in conspiracy with the forces of the moving world; that when they think that his standard must surely fall, a thousand hands will emerge to sustain it as that which in the Western World must be victorious.

Out of the many discourses, we have selected those which seem to us most genuine — although in this regard there is much difference between them — and most representative of various phases in which his life must appear to the various phases of liberal religion which we have.

The first on our list comprises the Tributes of his long-trying, out-spoken friends, his brave companions, partners of his toils and his fames. Such a work is necessarily eulogistic. Criticism is in abeyance: but let us see how subtle eulogy may be? Charles M. Ellis, in the course of his remarks, said:

Born on soil sacred to Freedom — of stock culled in England, and trained for two centuries in the best physical and moral culture of the world — himself reared in schools not the costliest, but the best — taught the love of labor, self-reliance, absolute reverence for God and conscience, he surprised the world by the intellect that embraced the will that moved it. But these only beat with the impulses of his mighty heart. I do not wish to vindicate all. But as the dust of earth shall fall, this element will justify much that is questioned now. He did not believe in calling black white. Let time and truth judge his sayings. What he spoke in love will live. Do you not remember how, in his discourse on Adams — when the building shook and his voice was silenced as the ice and snow fell with the shock of an earthquake before the sun of Spring (he wished it so with the character he was discussing) — with what joy he reviewed the glorious labors of the long Indian summer of that life, the rapture with which he hailed its closing act, summed up in that Saxon sentence, "the great loud No of an old man going home to his God"? Is the wail of a true heart over powers perverted — the "woe" of him who speaks in the cause of Humanity and God, to those who smite what they might save — to be condemned?

Wendell Phillips, in his usual high strain, speaks thus:

The very last page those busy fingers ever wrote, tells the child's story, than which, he says, "no event in my life has made so deep and lasting an impression on me." "A little boy in petticoats, in my fourth year, my

father sent me from the field home." A spotted tortoise, in shallow water, at the foot of a rhodora, caught his sight, and he lifted his stick to strike it, when "a voice within said, 'It's wrong.' I stood with lifted stick, in wonder at the new emotion, till rhodora and tortoise vanished from my sight. I hastened home, and asked my mother what it was that told me it was wrong. Wiping a tear with her apron, and taking me in her arms, she said, 'Some men call it conscience; but I prefer to call it the voice of God in the soul of man. If you listen to it and obey it, then it will speak clearer and clearer, and always guide you right. But if you turn a deaf ear or disobey, then it will fade out, little by little, and leave you in the dark and without a guide.'" Out of that tearful mother's arms grew your pulpit. Here in words—every day in the streets, by deeds, during a hard life, he repeated and obeyed her counsel.

Mr. Emerson, so chary of praises, gives this earnest word, with which we close our extracts from the "Tributes":

'Tis plain to me that he has achieved a historic immortality here; that he has so woven himself in these few years into the history of Boston, that he can never be left out of your annals. It will not be in the acts of City Councils; nor of obsequious Mayors; nor, in the State House, the proclamations of Governors, with their failing virtue—failing them at critical moments,—that the coming generations will study what really befell; but in the plain lessons of Theodore Parker in this Music Hall, in Faneuil Hall, or in Legislative Committee Rooms, the true temper and authentic record of these days will be read. The next generation will care little for the chances of election that govern governors now; it will care little for fine gentlemen who behaved shabbily, but it will read very intelligently in his rough story, fortified with exact anecdotes, precise with names and dates, what part was taken by each actor; who threw himself into the cause of Humanity, and who came to the rescue of Civilization at a hard pinch, and who blocked its course. * * * * *

Ah, my brave brother! it seems as if, in a frivolous age, our loss were immense, and your place can not be supplied. But you will already be consoled in the transfer of your genius, knowing well that the nature of the world will affirm to all men, in all times, that which for twenty-five years you valiantly spoke; that the winds of Italy murmur the same truth over your grave, the winds of America over these bereaved streets; that the sea which bore your mourners home affirms it, the stars in their courses, and the inspirations of youth; whilst the polished and pleasant traitors to human rights, with perverted learning and disgraced graces, rot and are forgotten with their double tongue saying all that is sordid for the corruption of man.

Mr. James Freeman Clarke, whose Discourse stands second on our list, whose address before the Anti-Slavery Society is in the "Tributes," has given, with the exception of Mr. Emerson's, the

most discriminating, and without any exception the most impressive and touching views of Theodore Parker's life and character. None knew Parker better than he who had met him as Jehu met Jehonadab : and Jehu said, "Is thy heart right as my heart is with thy heart? If it be, give me thy hand;" and he gave him his hand, and got up into the chariot with him! In the chariot they went forth together to battle for those living causes which are the Christs of to-day, because they involve the same sacrifices and devotion which made him of old the life, the truth and the way. Thus deep respondeth unto deep.

The friends whom Parker loved, he loved with his whole heart. He loved them as Jonathan loved David: his love for them was wonderful, passing the love of woman. A word of kindness, an act of good-will, was never forgotten by him. His noble soul opened itself to affection like the blossoming apple-tree to the balmy sunshine in this early June. His sympathy with humanity inspired his flaming and ardent zeal for the oppressed everywhere; and as, in our land, the colored man is the most oppressed of all, therefore he felt most keenly *his* wrongs, and labored most zealously for *him*. Cold-hearted and selfish politicians, who think that to get office is the only motive in politics, could not understand this; but they are to be pitied for their forlorn ignorance of the nobilities of the human soul. His whole heart, as well as his whole reason and conscience, were in the cause of suffering and enslaved man; and for this that noble heart throbbed to the end.

This loving heart, which glowed with such devoted and steadfast affection for his friends, which burned with such ardent interest for the sufferers everywhere, could not be, and was not wanting in the highest type of love. It rose through friendship to humanity, through humanity to piety. Having loved his brother whom he had seen, how could he *not* love also the invisible but ever-present Father of us all? His piety was tender, filial, reverential; devout as that of Pascal, St. Bernard, or Madame Guyon. It was an instinct of adoration for infinite beauty and perfect love. Those who blamed his irreverent speech toward the outside of religion, toward the letter of the Bible, toward the sacraments of worship, little knew how tender and deep was his reverence toward the Great Father; whom he also loved to call the Mother, — Father and Mother of all men.

Mr. Clarke never shows his friendship more than in the simplicity and frankness with which he can speak of a friend's faults. Faithful are the wounds of a friend. We can not think, however, that the following statement of limitations is philosophical or even just:

His fiery indignation at wrong showed itself, in the most terrible in-

vectives which modern literature knows, against the kidnappers, the pro-slavery politicians, the pro-slavery priests, and the slave-catching commissioners. These invectives were sometimes cruel and severe; in the spirit of Moses, David, and John the Baptist, rather than in that of Christ. Such extreme severity, whether in Jew or Christian, defeats its own object; for it is felt to be excessive and unjust. I can not approve of Theodore Parker's severity. I consider it false, because extravagant; unjust, because indiscriminate; unchristian, because relentless and unsympathizing. But then I will remember how bitterly he was pursued by his opponents; how Christians offered prayers in their meetings, that he might be taken away; how Boston wealth and aristocracy hated and reviled him; how little he had, from any quarter, of common sympathy or common charity. I can not wonder at his severity but I can not think it wise. Being so great, I wish he had been greater.

It is not philosophical, because it sets the Spirit of Christ at war with the forces of Nature.

"All kinds of winds and weather
Must be taken up together,
To make a year
Or a sphere."

We deny altogether the idea that everything is to be accomplished by gentle means; these are one method, but there are other methods. We deny that any one method can be called exclusively the Christian method, for all are made equally necessary by the Father of all, and if pursued with an eye single to his glory, must be for the advancement of his Kingdom. The life-giving ray of the sun is atwain with the deadly sunstroke. We have read that in the Kingdom which should come, the wolf should dwell with the lamb, and the lion and the fatling lie down together, but never that the wolves were to become lambs and the lions fatlings; each is a just part preserving its own individuality, if only led by the little child--by the spirit of simplicity and obedience. Now we have every evidence that Mr. Parker's severity was in every case directed against some flagrant wrong: the roar in his voice was unmistakable, but it was Sinai-thunder by which alone those who worshiped the Golden Calf in the plain could be brought to tremble. That this severity was the result of any *personal* experiences of Mr. Parker, as we are sorry to find Mr. Clarke intimating, is not true in any sense. Not one severe word in mere self-vindication has he left.

From the next discourse on our list, that of Rev. O. B. Froth-

ingham, we select a fine passage relating to Mr. Parker's severity. This subtle thinker, who was long on terms of intimate sympathy with Parker, says :

But the decisive word in this connection remains to be said. When charity becomes intensest, it scorches. Amiability is love in its negative form; but when love assumes its positive form, when it becomes an earnest and broad humanity, then it begins to sparkle and flash and smite. He who reveres the good, and cleaves to it, necessarily abhors the evil, and denounces it; and he who has small abhorrence of evil has usually but a feeble allegiance to good. It was out of the bosom of his loving kindness that Jesus launched the frightful bolts of his invective at the scribes and Pharisees of his time; clearing the atmosphere of their hypocrisy by dreadful process of thunder-storm, that the common people might not suffocate. It is out of his heart of infinite pity for the world, that the Almighty Father makes the wicked consume away, and buries faithless nations in shameful graves. He who speaks in the interest of principles can not be silenced by a refutation; and he who labors in the cause of man must use the vices of men as his tools. What seems cruelty to the individual may be mercy to the whole, and to them likewise in the end.

The Rev. Charles T. Brooks, of Newport, R. I., whose own life and character will seem to those who know him best the true exemplification of the "Man of God," in speaking to the late graduating class at Cambridge, introduced with great felicity the following allusion to the departed man :

But I turn from the living to the great army of ministers and martyrs who have finished their course below. How noble an exemplification of many points in my subject would the manly Robertson furnish! But from the number of our own departed fellow-graduates there comes back at this hour to my memory the image of a fellow-student of my own, whom I remember twenty-five years ago, as he sat in that little chamber at Divinity Hall, bending over his huge folios; and who, after a toilsome and thorny service, has, within a few months, been translated to that clearer vision, for which, through the dust of this building-ground and the smoke of this battle-field, his noble heart yearned and strove. This brother of ours, as the tender respect, and even reverence, with which men of most differing creeds speak of him departed touchingly testify, whatever may have been his errors of opinion or expression, presented a memorable example of the honest preacher and the faithful pastor combined with the earnest patriot and philanthropist; and the manner in which his death has affected men of all sects and parties shows that the instincts of the heart recognize the soundness of the principle, which seems to me one of the great lessons of our brother's life, — that the man makes the minister.

The next discourse on our list (that of Rev. C. A. Bartol) is an indictment under the guise of friendliness. Beginning in the *Quorum magna pars fui* style, indicating the man who would fain link his name with that of scholars whilst evading their sacrifices, he at length says: "He even charged on some, who thought he went too far, the secret treachery of opinions like his own, which they were ashamed to divulge and afraid to enact." A most disingenuous sentence this must seem to those who know the very names of distinguished Doctors of Divinity in Boston and vicinity, who began in frank sympathy with Strauss and Parker, but shrank back when they saw the heavy price which was demanded of the brave pioneer. Again, with insufferable conceit, this Bartol says: "He had not imagination, simple reverence, and holy wonder, to admit the marvels at which, on the road of investigation, the scientific understanding balks, but which are welcome to the higher reason in every artist and true spiritualist, to poet and painter, to Dante and Shakspeare and Milton and Raphael, to genius of all sorts treading on the mysterious borders, none ever measured, of the unseen world." That is, in plain speech, the miracles are conveniently credible to such artists, poets, "geniuses of all sorts," illuminati of "the higher reason," as Bartol, Gannet, Ellis & Co.; but Göthe, Carlyle, Emerson, Parker and others, men of mere "scientific understanding," must move on the lower plain! It is amusing to find this critic after this flattering Emerson, who said that in the mouth of the Church "miracle means monster," and unable to suppress his jealousy that the Sage of Concord should have termed Parker the only thoroughly faithful preacher of morals in the land.

Mr. Hepworth's discourse must be recognized as a hearty and brave word from a rising young man, who, although surrounded by such influences as those which penned the last-mentioned sermon, remembers Schiller's advice, "Follow the dreams of thy youth." It is the inevitable response of a noble instinct to a noble life. And Transitional Unitarianism may well heed the blasts of the horns about its Jericho-walls, when the young ministers in old pulpits about Boston utter such sentiments as the following:

He said of God, "If He is, He is always near: not here to-day, and there to-morrow; but here always." And when he denied the miraculous coming of Christ, it was not that he would put God away from the world,

as the Church had done in saying that He was closer at one time than at another; but that he would have God as close to-day and to each as He was eighteen hundred years ago and to Christ. And, in this denial of what others believed to be miracles, both his logical faculty and his instincts were at one. He could see no historical evidence, nothing compulsory, in the facts given. No man sought more carefully or more earnestly than he; and his soul certainly, as no soul can, did not relish the doctrine. His instincts corroborated his judgment. For I imagine, that, if we believe in miraculous interposition to save us, we do it only on compulsion. It is more natural to believe, and more satisfactory, that God's plan was so arranged in the first place that no emergency could arise for which it would become necessary to suspend his laws and act in an extraordinary way.

The next sermon which we are to mention is by Mr. Alger; and it is one whose merits and defects are equally startling. To speak of the last and least first, how strange that any one speaking of a simple old Puritan, like Parker, could utter such a sentence as the following:

Not frittering himself away in dissipated miscellaneousness of effort, but pouring himself in a cumulative course of foreseeing and single purpose, he will not evaporate like a shower of isolated exertions in the desert of contemporaneous notice, but roll as a voluminous river of influence across the plains of posthumous fame.

Here we have, one may say, Eastern Splendor added to Oriental Magnificence! And throughout the discourse there is too much ambition, too little of the simplicity eminently befitting the occasion. Yet the discourse presents a broader and more patient comprehension of the subject than any we have read. We are sorry that we are able to cull but one of the incisive passages which invite us:

And now that his great soul has gone up to judgment, and his poor form sleeps in the earth, nor reckes how they rave, shall petty men, who, as far as appears from any thing they ever did, were not worthy to unloose the latches of his shoes, stand up and condemn him because he offended their views, their taste and prejudices? Shall the merest fledglings of the traditional church assume seats of superiority, and complacently sit in judgment on his genius and his works, amidst the applause of those who knew little of him except blindly to fear his teachings? With their three-inch calipers, shall they take the smallness of his mind? with their ludicrous ignorance, pronounce on his lack of learning. with their thrice-refined parrotry, declaim on his want of originality? out of their abject submission to outgrown dogmas of folly and fear, bewail the benighted-

ness of his belief? and, in their hooded bigotry, accuse him of blasphemous arrogance, and doom him to eternal perdition? Undoubtedly they will. This is one of the penalties of heroic greatness, marching before the van of its age, must always pay. Mean men thus revenge themselves on it; or they thus seek to appear great themselves by showing how easily they include a great man, and toss off an exhaustive estimate of him. To the despicable nature the glorious nature looks despicable too; and when an ant measures Olympus, Olympus is an inch high.

— Since the above was in print, we have received from London a discourse, entitled “Lessons from the Life of Theodore Parker,” by the former pastor of our Cincinnati Church, now the honored successor of James Martineau in Liverpool, W. H. Channing. Mr. Channing’s difficulty is evidently his personal nearness to Parker: to speak of his lost friend was too much like speaking of himself, for him to feel perfectly free. The very printed words of this pamphlet are choked with emotion. Leaving out for want of space many noble bursts, we dwell for a moment on the following, which seems to us a strange misconception:

He taught that God is *immanent* alike in the Universe and in Man; but he did not recognize that He is *INFLUENT* yet more. Hence his theory of Inspiration was limited to instinct and to genius, and virtually excluded direct communication from the Divine Spirit to the Human Spirit, as from person to person. Logically carried out, this mode of speculation would have plunged him into the abyss of Pantheism, from which his great heart and brave energy alone kept him back. And from Pantheism he was saved by this happy inconsistency. In distinct assertions, often reiterated, he avowed himself to be a Theist. He worshipped The Infinite Person, with whom each Finite Person may hold loving, intelligent intercourse, in whom all Finite Persons may be made one by sympathetic cooperation. Hence he prayed in the closet, in the family group, in the great congregation. And how fervent, exalting, and overflowing with courageous trust and joyful tenderness, were his public devotions, thousands of fellow-worshippers will testify. Such experience of personal intercommunion with the Divine Being, by Will on will, and Mind on mind, should have taught him a higher view of Inspiration, than can be derived from the doctrine of God’s immanence, alone.

It seems to us, on the contrary, that Mr. Parker made the “communication from the Divine Spirit to the Human Spirit” *too* direct. His Theory teaches

that the World is not nearer to our bodies than God to the Soul; “for in Him we live, and move, and have our being.” As we have bodily senses to lay hold on matter and supply bodily wants, through which we

obtain, naturally, all needed material things, so we have spiritual faculties to lay hold on God, and supply spiritual wants; through them we obtain all needed spiritual things.—*Discourses of Religion*, p. 202.

We have always felt that, though undoubtedly the truth of spiritual communion is clearly deducible from this analogue, it was chargeable with making such communion too simple, in the sense of too easy. It seems to put the pearls on the surface of the waves, instead of in the caverns of the deep, to be reached only by the skilled and fearless diver. The soul's rapture is not so much a theme as a symphony: a child may sing the theme, but ages of culture and experience must go to such a development of that theme into all its possibilities as makes the symphony. At any rate, it is clear to us that Parker had evolved this divine symphony, though he may have misjudged that it could be as familiar to all as the lullaby.

—As the last of these echoes awakened by the knell which tells of a great man's departure, dies, we pause once more to consider our loss. Every word quoted has an indication that we are in the midst of a Revolution of thought. It is not given to any one mind to revolutionize any system; for each such epoch there must be the scholastic Erasmus, the genial Melancthon, the persistent Zwingli, as well as the courageous monk of Erfurth. And when the smoke has cleared from the battle-field of the American theology, it will not be hard to find, along with its scholars and poets, who was its eloquent and lion-hearted Luther. Meanwhile, we rejoice to witness signs that the Liberal Church has learned a lesson from the sad history of its relations with Theodore Parker, which will prevent such wretched self-stultification in the future. Thus by his stripes shall some wounded hearts be healed, and in his grave shall be buried many unholy weapons, unworthy of the spirit of the age. Therefore, the Church of the Future, when she makes up her jewels, will hang, as the chain about her neck, the memory of him by the interpretation of whose life her other children were recognized.

He, says Ruskin, who has once stood beside the grave, to look back upon the companionship which has been forever closed, feeling how impotent *there* are the wild love or the keen sorrow, to give one instant's pleasure to the pulseless heart, or atone in the lowest measure to the departed spirit for the hour of unkindness,

will scarcely for the future incur that debt to the heart which can only be discharged to the dust. But the lesson which men receive as individuals, they do not learn as nations. Again and again they have seen their noblest descend into the grave, and have thought it enough to garland the tombstone, when they had not crowned the brow, and to pay the honor to the ashes which they had denied to the spirit. Let it not displease them, that they are bidden, amidst the tumult and the dazzle of their busy life, to listen for the few voices and watch for the few lamps which God has toned and lighted to guide them, that they may not learn their sweetness by their silence, nor their light by their decay.



A B U R B E.

FAREWELL to Traffic's ceaseless stir,
To crowded throngs and hurrying feet;
To-day, a woodland worshiper,
I hold with Pan communion sweet.

Farewell to smirking fraud and trick,
To Fashion's diplomatic smile;
To-day the meadow-blooms are thick,
And kiss the rivulet mile on mile.

Farewell to social feuds and hate,
To senseless forms of Etiquette:
Miss Lily does not scold nor prate,—
I find at home Miss Violet.

Farewell to Love's bewitching spells,
To lightnings from coquettish eyes,—
From out the bushy nooks and dells
A thousand amorous forms arise.

Farewell to quack and demagogue,—
I want no tickets, potions, pills;
An hour's seat on this mossy log,
In the free air, cures all my ills.

The elm-tree, maple, birch and pine
Call me with words sincerely meant;
Columbus-like I sail, and find
The newer, better continent.

DR EINBOHRER AND HIS PUPILS.

CHAPTER VII.—OF FORM.

WHEN Dr. E. came out this morning, he excited the curiosity of his pupils to the last pitch by setting on the table, just under his nose, the oddest little figure.

Van Stammer, who had been reading Plato until two the night before, and whose sore eyes were snapping out gleams of the Absolute and Self-subsistent, of which he had been meditating ever since, turned pale and ventured to Peter House next him the theory that this was the Dæmon of our Teutonic Socrates; whereupon Peter rose, bowed low, and exclaimed, "Good morning, Pigmy Devil, Esq.; how do you do?" His levity, however, did not even obtain the notice of the venerable Jecovas, who for a minute regarded silently and even fondly this queer little figure of a man, who had singularly prominent features and a very long row of teeth, reaching, as it were, far down into his throat. Now was it that I rejoiced that I had undertaken to make notes of what the Doctor stated in his lectures; for, in order to do this, I had obtained a seat very near his desk. It was this that enabled me to hear distinctly a significant apostrophe addressed by him to the mannikin before he began his lecture (the other pupils only saw his lips move): "Poor little make-believe of a man!" said he; "soulless thou art, infirm — a man of wax; yet to me thou art the theme of the ages; in thee the scores of the symphony of life — whose four movements are the four kingdoms of Nature!"

Setting aside for a time the little figure, the Doctor proceeded to address us as follows on FORM:

"Philosophers have always been more speculative than clear on the subject of form. Indeed, Morphology, up to the time of Swedenborg, was a science that was only sung. Swedenborg entered a little into this realm, and its magnificent verities and beauties, we are sorry to know, crazed him. He would not stop until he had given God himself shape and definition. No doubt God has shape and definition, but that Swedenborg would have to become a little His superior in order to report them, is still more doubtless. But we may remark, here, a very ingenious conclu-

sion of this Great Seer, given without proof or probability, but interesting as indicating the extent to which an idea would ride him. Swedenborg intimates that the specific taste or smell of an object is dependent upon the *shape* of its atoms; that is, if the particles of salt and sugar were of similar form, there would be no difference in their taste. The mode of the action is this: the palate is a bundle of nerves—in *these nerves are all the various flavors of the earth*. The special and peculiar shape of the atoms of sugar are alone able to pierce into the sugar-nerves; peppermint would leave the sugar-nerves untouched and excite the peppermint nerves; and so of salt, vanilla and what not. Of course, no process can ever destroy the atomic shapes of these substances. Now this may all be true, but if so, the theorem must hold with the other senses, and our science must give us the mathematical form of a violet ray, must measure the dimensions of a musk fragrance, must carve a statuette of a nightingale's song! I will not say that these are impossible—they do not seem to contradict any ideal that Nature is training in us.

“An old English poet has given us a line that will bear some scrutiny:

‘Soul is Form and doth the body make.’

If soul is Form, it follows that it is not any special form; each form must be one string of its limitless lyre. But there is no form except for the expression of some form of soul; therefore it was well said that ere the brooding spirit moved on the face of the fluid world it was ‘without form.’ Every animal form is a crystallization about the passion—the power, that is—which it represents. Your wader will have long legs, your swimmer will be web-footed; the lion must have a thick, shaggy neck, sufficient to hold up a slain ox. As the æons roll forward, we find these scattered letters of form put together and spelt out in some glorious ferocity, as Napoleon,—or transcendent fox, as Richelieu. We find, then, that the Eternal Soul made the old forms as a pictured alphabet to spell out the inevitable *modes* of its existence, and that fox, dog, wolf, lamb, lion, are sagacity, fidelity, liberty, gentleness, superiority,—all attributes of the soul.”

The good Einbohrer now took hold of the little mannikin, very much to the satisfaction of the class, whose curiosity, raised to its highest pitch, had not, I fear, helped their attentiveness to the abstruse truths which had been announced. As he handled it, we

saw that it was soft to his touch, and could be moulded to any shape he desired. He began by stretching it out to its full dimensions, so that instead of its being a man, it was like a Zuglodon. He made a very good imitation of several animals. But very curious indeed was the ease with which he flattened the forehead, swelled the lips, and made a grinning ape, — with slight variation, a low Irishman, and then a negro. It was very curious and signalized by an explosion of laughter, when the mannikin, having traveled through a myriad of ages in twenty minutes — all the way from the plutonic rocks — regained his composure and sat before us grinning over his Protean adventures as before. The master then proceeded :

“ Gentlemen, we are very much deluded by the seeming. Forms seem to us very different, because we think we have seen them when we have not ; or, rather, we think that an object is to be seen with our eyes. Seen with the eyes, the moon is largest of the heavenly bodies — and stars millions of miles apart are but three feet apart — and the earth is flat. Scarcely any of the senses, or faculties, and none of the experience can be left out in the simple act of seeing an object. With two strokes only of his brush Titian changed the picture of a cat into a laughing maiden. See, ’tis but by depressing these mouth-muscles that I change this plastic friend of ours who seems bursting with laughter, into a desolate mourner.

“ Pray, now, look at the variations of animal form through which our inanimate teacher has gone, with eye and reason too, with a remembrance that things are not what they seem. Oken, in a great moment, when the Earth with its fossils became transparent to him, said, ‘There is but one animal.’

“ Have you not seen that throughout the World of Form it is Man, whether flying, swimming, creeping or walking ?

“ But man himself is of variable form ; for it is not the general body that constitutes the aim of creation. It is the Brain, all-informed, that Nature has all along been constructing. The limbs and trunk are but a frame-work for supporting and defending this elegant piece of work, which Nature supported so, lest some injury should come to it. It is the BRAIN which has been passing from furnace to furnace, from anvil to anvil, and which bears to the latest all the temper it has gained from the preceding degrees. ‘Go to,’ said the SPIRIT ; ‘I will make Man — that is, a catholic

Brain : it shall be Kosmos." Then the Spirit made a Lichen on the Rock, and in it was the cerebral essence. Then that eliminated thus, went into the Laboratory of the Genii, and their heavy hammer-strokes rang out, and their smithy fires glared far, till they kindled the Star of Bethlehem. On the serpent-anvil wisdom was inwrought, and with the eagle-anvil aspiration : fox-anvil added prudence, and the lion-forge gave nobleness. Fierce and mighty the travail : calm stood the Mid-wife God awaiting the birth of a Brain. Forests shrank back and crystallized into rock ; Kingdoms of the once Rulers became gladly fossil—for they knew that by a sublime annihilation they should rise to their Thabor of Transfiguration in that BRAIN which all existed only to build, and which must have on its summit tabernacles for the whole of the Past. Thus all brains and qualities were to be summed up in the forehead of Man : and when their various powers are fully represented there, they must pass away outwardly.

"By this path, my young friends, you will come to the nobler science which finds its Arctics and Tropics, its Magnetic Belts, its Fauna and Strata, all in the Planets that move with cerebral and facial hemispheres around the Solar Eye. Have I not seen a man pursued through life by a ravenous wolf of an underlip ? Have I not seen a man fighting the 'beasts at Ephesus' prowling about the base of his head ? Have I not seen a panther-cheek in deadly life-long combat with a nose that ever stood bravely forth to maintain the existence of the Man upon earth ?

"But it is written that the Garden of God shall rise out of this conflict : the wolf also shall dwell with the lamb, and the lion and the young fating together. When by the happy Little Child these shall all be led to their high aims, they shall harmonize and the balanced Brain shall appear. The New Kingdom shall advance ; the snarl and the growl shall not haunt human voices ; the glare shall fade from the eyes of men ; and instead of tracking the footsteps of men by bloodstains and howls, we shall trace them in flowers, and the songs of nightingales.

"The true Morphology must establish the Law of Institutions and Religions, which are varying Forms of the Divine Essence.

"In the ancient Greek Mythology we are told that Saturn (Time) devoured his children : Zeus (Life) alone escaped him, and afterward dethroned him. That is, Time must ever consume the Forms which Time has produced ; but the Essence of Forms

which is evolved, all-creative Life, can not be devoured. Forms pass away, Essences remain; Generations pass, generation goes on; Temples crumble, worship endures. It is an old experience that there are some who in saving a thing lose it, and those who in losing a thing find it. The Conservative thinks he conserves when he clings to the old form; but the Reformer is the real conservator, for he has detected the old vitality under the renewed form. We can not hold on to the grub-truth and get the golden-winged truth also. Therefore if one wished to select the true believers, he might safely collect the seeming unbelievers. The truth is lost which is not raised up from the sepulchre of the empirical Form. When Saurian Creeds that have served their time pass away with horrible contortions, when Thrones totter, it is Saturn devouring another or others of his children. When clear Ideas are enthroned, and Justice is established, then Zeus prevails by the conservation of new forces. No form of Truth so sacred but it must take on new forms: as the Serpent in the Wilderness is lifted up, so must the Son of Man be lifted up. The oath of the universe is given that nothing shall remain which can not change and grow with the growing World.

HERESY AT MEADVILLE.

For some time there have been rumors of trouble at the Unitarian Theological School in Meadville, Pa. These have for the first time taken a tangible form, in a pamphlet before us, written and published by a quondam student of that Institution, named Hiram A. Reid. This young man a few years ago, by his talents, his studious habits and his earnestness, interested a number of persons in Boston, who at length volunteered to assist him in obtaining an education for the ministry at Meadville. The Ladies' Sewing Circle connected with Edward Everett Hale's Church gave especial aid and sympathy on the occasion; and the youth, full of hope and devotion, repaired to the long-desired school, where he soon was recognized by those around him as, to use the printed testimony of his fellow-students, "a close and hard student, a faithful, true, and self-sacrificing friend; a man who makes a good

use of his time and means, for the accomplishment of the high aims he has in view."

It may be imagined that Meadville rejoiced in such an acquisition.

Meadville expelled him !

The reason for this strange proceeding the young man writes, and sets up in type with his own hand, in order to place it in every hand that had contributed to his education. This Memorial we can not pass by for several reasons. The people of the West are frequently called upon to help this Institution, which is a Western one — geographically, at least : it is well that people should know all about any Institution which they are invited to support. In the next place, we find the name of the *Dial* — which, without any effort on our part, has had a pretty fair circulation in that Divinity College — mixed up with the discussion.

Mr. Reid's offences were as follows : 1. He wrote in the regular order of the class an essay on Hume's argument against miracles, in which he maintained the lowest ground of Naturalism — to wit., that the miracles, though true (and he did not deny them), were not contrary to the laws of Nature, but simply the results of laws beyond our experience or knowledge. It is not straining the matter to say that there is not a scholar in any Protestant Church who does not hold to miracles on this ground, unless he rejects them altogether. As far as even Boston Unitarianism, whose motto is, "Stand still and see the salvation of the Lord," is concerned, they have been placed on the principle (however different their conclusions from it) laid down by Mr. Reid, by Drs. Hedge and Noyes, of the Cambridge School ; by James Clarke, and, indeed, by every man among them whose opinion is of any public importance. 2. Mr. Reid, when asked by one of the professors (Mr. Folsom) his opinion of the discrepancies between John and the Synoptics pointed out in the *Dial* (Art. Christianity of Christ), replied that he thought the whole amounted "to the difference between tweedle-dum and tweedle-dee." From which we may guess that the young Theologus had got beyond the letter into the spirit of Christianity, and that the importance of the criticism was diminished thereby. But if textual technicalities are allowed to be tweedle-dum and tweedle-dee affairs, what becomes of the trade at Meadville ? So Demetrius and his fellow-workmen must come together when the "craft is in danger," and

cry, "Great is Textual Criticism of the Meadvillians!" 3. Mr. Reid likes Darwin's work on the Origin of Species, and whilst he was not satisfied that his theory was right, maintained that it was not atheistical. In this matter it seems he was in deadly sympathy with Profs. Gray and Parsons of Cambridge, who, in Silliman's Journal and the Atlantic Monthly, have demonstrated the absurdity of the charge of Atheism against the Development Theory.

These are the only charges distinctly recognized in the Ecclesiastical Council of Meadville, before which Mr. Reid was arraigned for heresy. It is evident that the Theological Board of Meadville would scarcely have expelled this youth for these special views; but it is equally evident, from the manifestly unformed views of Mr. Reid, and from the direction which his inquiries were taking, that there was a spirit in the young man which, if unchecked, might prove contagious, and in the end turn the theology of Meadville topsy-turvy. 'Beware when the gods let loose a thinker on this planet. Then nothing is safe.' A man who begins by seeing that Development is not Atheism, may presently see that it is the only Theism. He who thinks the discrepancies about the Lord's Supper are differences of tweedle-dum and tweedle-dee, may come to regard the Holy Demolition of Swine as also immaterial to the soul's growth in love to God and man. If the heretic is taught A, what warrant have you that he will not at length say B, or even plunge headlong into the blasphemy of C!

It seems that Dr. Stearns, the President of Meadville, observed these tendencies of the active mind as much as two years ago, and in a private interview with him, said, *We must crush out this Parkerism!* This young man had not denied the miracles nor the Bible; so by Parkerism the President could only have meant *the free use of Reason*. We apprehend that the Doctor will find, before he has gone very far in the process, that the method which suffices for the parish of Hingham will scarcely bear to be transferred to the prairies and valleys of the West. A farmer who lived near Concord, N. H., said of the then President, "We always thought, down to Concord, that Frank Pierce did very well for that 'ere town, but guess he'll be monstrous *thin* spread out over the hull United States." The same may be said of certain local preachers and opinions as well as politicians.

Meanwhile we may say of the author of this Memorial, that, after having read it carefully, we are convinced that he is an able,

earnest and studious, as well as a brave young man, and we hope to hear soon that he has found some post in the West worthy of his talent and his fidelity.

URSULA.

—
BY HONORE DE BALZAC.

—
CHAPTER VI.

OF COURSE, the "honest neighbor," to whom the curate wished her to go, was Dr. Minoret.

The old mother only yielded after an hour of discussion, during which the curate was obliged to repeat his arguments ten times. And still the haughty Kergarouet was conquered only by these last words: "Savinien would go!"

"It is better, then, that it should be I," said she.

It was striking-time when the little door cut in the large one closed upon the curate, who rang quickly at the doctor's gate. The Abbé Chaperon fell from Trennette upon Bongival, for the old nurse said to him:

"You come very late, Monsieur le Curé!" as the other had said to him. "Why do you leave Madame so soon, when she is in trouble?"

The curate found a numerous company in the doctor's green and brown parlor, for Dionis had gone to reassure the heirs, in passing by Massin's, to repeat their uncle's words.

"Ursula," said he, "has, I think, a love in her heart which will give her only pain and care; she seems romantic [excessive sensibility is so styled among notaries], and we shall see her long a maid. No distrust, then — pay her all attention — be the servants of your uncle, for he is cunninger than a hundred Goupils," added the notary, without knowing that Goupil is the corruption of the word *vulpes*, fox.

Mesdames Massin and Crémère, their husbands, the postmaster and Dèsué, formed with the physician of Nemours and Bongrand, an unusual and turbulent assembly at the doctor's. The Abbé Chaperon heard, as they entered, the sounds of the piano. Poor Ursula was finishing Beethoven's symphony in *la*. With the cunning permitted to innocence, the child, whom her god-father had

enlightened, and whom the heirs displeased, chose that grand music which must be studied in order to be understood, with a view to disgust these women of their desire to hear her play. The more beautiful music is, the less the ignorant like it. So, when the door opened, and the Abbé Chaperon showed his venerable head: "Ah! here is Monsieur le Curé!" the heirs exclaimed, happy, all of them, to rise and put an end to their punishment.

This exclamation found an echo at the card-table, where Bon-grand, the doctor of Nemours, and the old man were victims of the presumption with which the tax-collector, to please his great uncle, had proposed to make the fourth hand at whist. Ursula left the *Forte*. The doctor rose as if to salute the curate, but, in reality, to stop the game. After great compliments to their uncle on the talent of his god-daughter, the heirs took their leave.

"Good evening, my friends," said the doctor, when they heard the gate shut.

—"Ah! this is what costs so dear," said Madame Cremière to Madame Massin, when they were at some paces' distance.

"God preserve me from paying money for my little Aline to make such noise as that in the house," replied Madame Massin.

"She says that it is *Bethovan*, who passes, it seems, for a great musician," said the receiver; "he has reputation!"

"My faith, it will not be at Nemours," replied Madame Cremière, "and he is well named *Bête à Vent*."

"I believe that our uncle has done that on purpose, to prevent our coming again," said Massin, "for he winked his eyes in showing the green volume to his little piece of affectation."

"If they amuse themselves with such a jingle as that, they do well to remain at home."

"Monsieur le Juge de Paix must love well to play cards, to be willing to listen to it," said Madame Cremière.

—"I shall never be able to play before persons who do not understand music," said Ursula, coming to sit down by the card-table.

"The sentiments in richly organized persons can only develop themselves in a friendly sphere," said the curate of Nemours. "Just as the priest can not bless in presence of the evil spirit, as the chestnut tree dies in a stiff soil, a musician of genius experiences an interior defeat when he is surrounded by the ignorant and coarse. In the arts, we ought to receive from souls who serve as

a sphere to our soul as much force as we communicate to them. This axiom which reigns in human affections has dictated the proverbs : ' We must howl with the wolves ; ' ' Birds of a feather flock together.' But the kind of suffering which you must have felt, strikes only tender and delicate natures."

" Thus, my friends," said the doctor, " what would only trouble a woman, might kill my little Ursula. Ah ! when I shall be no longer, raise between this dear flower and the world that protecting hedge of which the verses of Catullus speak : *Ut flos*, etc."

" These ladies have, however, been very flattering towards you, Ursula," said the magistrate, smiling.

" Coarsely flattering," observed the doctor of Nemours.

" I have always remarked coarseness in flatteries made to order," answered old Minoret ; " and why ? "

" A true thought carries its delicacy with it," said the Abbé.

" You have dined with Madame de Portenduère ? " then asked Ursula, who questioned the Abbé Chaperon, casting upon him a look full of anxious curiosity.

" Yes : the poor lady is much afflicted, and it is not impossible that she may come to see you this evening, Monsieur Minoret."

" If she is in sorrow, and have need of me, I will go to her," cried the doctor. " Let us finish the last rubber."

Under the table, Ursula pressed the old man's hand.

" Her son," said the magistrate, " was rather too weak to live at Paris without a Mentor. When I knew that they were taking, here at the notary's, informations concerning the old lady's farm, I guessed that he was discounting his mother's death."

" Do you believe him capable of that," said Ursula, darting a terrible look at M. Bongrand, who said, within himself : " Alas ! yes, she loves him."

" Yes and no," said the doctor of Nemours. " Savinien has good in him, and for that reason even he is in prison : scoundrels never get there."

" My friends," exclaimed old Minoret, " this is enough for this evening ; we must not let a poor mother weep a minute longer, when we can dry her tears."

The four friends rose and went out. Ursula accompanied them as far as the gate ; looked at her god-father and the curate knocking at the door in front ; and when Trennette had introduced them,

she seated herself on one of the outer steps of the house, having La Bougival near her.

"Madame la Vicomtesse," said the curate, who first entered the little parlor, "Monsieur le Docteur Minoret has not been willing that you should trouble yourself to come to him."

"I am too much of the old school, Madame," continued the doctor, "not to know what a man owes to a lady like yourself, and I am too happy, since Monsieur le Curé has informed me of your mishap, to be able to serve you in any manner."

Madame de Portenduère, who, notwithstanding her reluctant concession, had, since the Abbé Chaperon's departure, nearly concluded to address herself rather to the notary of Nemours, was so much surprised by Minoret's delicacy, that she rose to answer his bow, and offered him an arm-chair.

"Be seated, sir," she said, with a queenly air. "Our dear curate will have told you that the Vicount is in prison for some youthful debts — 100,000 francs. If you could lend them to him, I would give you a mortgage on my farm des Bordières."

"We can speak of that, Madame la Vicomtesse, when I shall have brought your son home to you, if, indeed, you permit me to be your intendant on this occasion."

"This is well, Monsieur le Docteur," replied the old lady, inclining her head and looking at the curate with an air that seemed to say, You are right, he is a man of good company.

"My friend the doctor," then said the curate, "is, as you see, Madame, full of devotion for your house."

"We shall know how to be grateful, Monsieur," said Madame de Portenduère, visibly making an effort; "for at your age to adventure in Paris on the track of a heedless boy"

"Madame, in '65 I had the honor to meet the illustrious Admiral de Portenduère with that excellent M. de Malesherbes, and at the house of Count Buffon, who desired some information of him on many curious facts of his voyages. It is not impossible that the late Monsieur de Portenduère, your husband, may have been there. The French navy was then glorious; it held its own with England, and the captain animated this game with his courage. How impatiently, in '83 and '84, we used to expect news from the camp of St. Roch! I was near starting myself as physician in the King's armies. Your great uncle, who is still alive, the Admiral Ker-

garouet, then fought his famous battle, for he was on the *Belle Poule*."

"Ah! if he knew that his grand-son is in prison!"

"Monsieur le Vicomte will no longer be there two days hence," said old Minoret, rising. He extended his hand to take that of the old lady, who allowed him to do so; he pressed upon it a respectful kiss, bowed low, and went out; but turned back to say to the curate:

"Will you, my dear Abbé, take a place in the diligence for me for to-morrow morning?"

The curate remained half an hour longer chanting the praises of Dr. Minoret, who had intended to make a conquest of the old lady, and who had done it.

"He is astonishing for his age," said she; "he speaks of going to Paris and attending to my son's affairs, as though he were only twenty-five years old. He has seen good company!"

"The best, Madame; and now more than one son of a peer of France would be happy to marry his niece with a million. Ah! if this idea passed through Savinien's heart, times are so changed that it is not on your side the greatest difficulties would lie, after your son's conduct."

It was the profound amazement into which this last phrase threw the old lady, that enabled the curate to finish his sentence.

"You have lost your senses, my dear Abbé Chaperon."

"You will think on it, Madame, and God grant that your son may henceforth so conduct himself as to win this old man's esteem!"

"If it were not you, Monsieur le Curé—if it were any one else that spoke thus to me" . . .

"You would never see him again," said the Abbé, smiling.

"Let us hope that your dear son keeps you informed of what is going on in Paris, in the way of alliances. You will think of Savinien's happiness, and after having already compromised his future, you will not hinder him from making a position for himself."

"And it is you who tell me this!"

"If I did not tell you, who is there that would?" exclaimed the priest, rising and making a prompt retreat.

—The curate saw Ursula and her god-father walking up and down in the court. The doctor, whose weakness was equal to his strength

had been so much tormented by his god-daughter, that he had just yielded : she wanted to go to Paris — and assigned a thousand pretexts. He called the curate, who came, and asked him to take the whole coupé for him, if the diligence office was still open.

The next day, at half past six in the evening, the old man and the maiden arrived at Paris, where, that same evening, the doctor went to consult his notary.

The political horizon was lowering. The magistrate of Nemours had several times said to the doctor, that it was very rash to keep any money in Government stocks as long as the quarrel between the press and the Court remained unsettled. Minoret's notary approved the advice indirectly given by the magistrate. The doctor took the opportunity of this journey to realize his shares of stocks, which all stood high, and to deposit his capital at the Bank. The notary engaged his old client to sell also the funds left by Monsieur de Jordy to Ursula, and which he had invested to advantage, like a good father of a family. He promised to bring into the field a business agent, excessively astute, to treat with Savinien's creditors ; but it was necessary, in order to succeed, that the young man should have the courage to remain still some days in prison.

"Precipitation in matters of this kind costs at least fifteen per cent.," said the notary to the doctor. "And, in the first place, you will not have your funds before seven or eight days."

When Ursula learned that Savinien would be still at least a week in prison, she besought her guardian to let her accompany him there one single time. Old Minoret refused. The uncle and niece were lodged in a hotel of the street Croix des Petits-Champs, where the doctor had taken a suitable apartment ; and knowing his pupil's religious truthfulness, he made her promise not to go out when he should be abroad on business. The good man took Ursula to walk in Paris, through the boulevards, the passages, the palaces ; but nothing amused or interested her.

"What do you wish, then ?" asked the old man.

"To see Sainte-Pélagie," she replied, persistently.

Minoret then took a hack as far as the Rue de la Clefs, where the carriage stopped before the mean looking front of that once convent, then transformed into a prison. The sight of those high, gray walls, all whose windows are barred, of that wicket which we only can enter by stooping — sinister lesson ! — that sombre mass in

a quarter full of miseries, and where it rises, surrounded with desert streets like a supreme misery, — this sad whole seized on Ursula, and wrung some tears from her.

"How," said she, "do they imprison young persons for money? Can a debt give to a usurer a power that the King does not possess? He is then there," she cried; "and where, my god-father?" she added, looking from window to window.

"Ursula," said the old man, "you make me commit follies. Is this forgetting him, then?"

"But," replied she, "if I must renounce him, must I also show no interest in him? I can love him, and not marry any one."

"Ah!" cried the good man, "there is so much reason in your folly that I repent of having brought you here."

Three days afterwards the old man had the receipts regulated, and all the documents establishing Savinien's liberation. This liquidation, comprising the commission paid to the business agent, had been effected for a sum of eighty thousand francs. There remained to the doctor eight hundred thousand francs, which his notary advised him to place them in treasury bonds, so as not to lose too much interest. He kept twenty thousand francs in bank bills for Savinien. The doctor went himself to unbar the prison door Saturday, at two o'clock, and the young Vicount, already instructed by a letter from his mother, thanked his liberator with a sincere effusion of heart.

"You should not delay to come and see your mother," said old Minoret to him.

Savinien replied with a sort of confusion, that he had contracted a debt of honor in his prison, and related the visit of his friends.

"I suspected you of some privileged debt," exclaimed the doctor, smiling. "Your mother borrows a hundred thousand francs of me, but I have paid only eighty thousand: here is the rest. Economize it well, Monsieur, and consider what you keep of it as your stake on the green cloth of Fortune."

During the last eight days, Savinien had made reflections upon the actual epoch. Competition in every thing requires great exertions from him who seeks a fortune. Illegal means demand more talent and subterranean practices than a quest in open daylight. Successes in the gallant world, far from giving a position, consume time and require an immense amount of money. The name of Portenduère, which his mother told him was all-powerful, was

nothing at Paris. His cousin, the deputy, the Count de Portenduère, made a small figure in the elective chamber, in presence of the peerage of the Court, and had no more credit than he needed for himself. The Admiral de Kergarouet would have been nothing without his wife. He had seen orators, persons from the social plane, inferior to the nobility, and other small gentry become very influential personages. In short, money was the pivot, the only means, the sole moving-spring of a society which Louis XVIII. had wished to make like that of England. From the street de la Clef to the street Croix des Petits-Champs, the gentleman developed the conclusions at which he had arrived, in harmony moreover with the counsel of De Marsay to the old physician. "I ought," said he, "to let myself be forgotten during three or four years, and to seek a career. Perhaps I may make a name by a book of political economy, moral statistics, by some treatise on one of the great actual questions. While aiming at a marriage with a young person who shall realize for me the conditions of eligibility, I will work in the shade and in silence."

In studying this young man's countenance, the doctor recognized there the gravity of a wounded combatant who watches his revenge. He much approved this plan.

"My neighbor," said he, finally, "if you have sloughed the skin of the old nobility, which is no longer the fashion of the day, after three or four years of wise and well-applied exertion, I undertake to find you a superior young girl, beautiful, amiable, pious, and with a fortune of seven or eight hundred thousand francs, who will render you happy, and of whom you shall be proud, but who will be noble only by the heart."

"Ah! doctor," cried the young man, "there is no longer nobility: there is only an aristocracy."

"Go, pay your debts of honor, and return here; I am going to take the inside of the diligence, for my pupil is with me," said the old man.

That evening at six, the three travelers left by the Ducler* of the

* On the great roads of France, fantastic names are given to the diligences; they say, *la Caillard la Dueler*, (the stage-coach between Nemours and Paris,) *le Grand Bureau*. "Caillard has not caught up with the Countess, but *le Grand Bureau* has singed her robe well, all the same! *La Caillard* and *le Grand Bureau* have run *les Françaises* into the ground." Every new enterprise is called *La Concurrence*. If you see the postillion crashing along, and refusing

street Dauphine. Ursula, who had put on a veil, said not a word. After the passing movement of gallantry, in which he had wafted from his fingers that kiss which committed on Ursula as great ravages as a whole book of love could have done, Savinien had entirely forgotten the doctor's pupil in the hell of his debts at Paris ; and besides, his hopeless love for Émilie de Kergarouet had effaced the souvenir of a few glances exchanged with a little girl of Nemours. He remembered her then only when the old man made her get into the diligence first, and placed himself near her, to separate her from the young Vicount.

"I shall have accounts to render you," said the doctor to the young man. "I bring you all your papers!"

"I was near being left," said Savinien, "for I have had to order wearing apparel and linen ; the Philistines have stripped me, and I arrive as a prodigal child."

However interesting may have been the subjects of conversation between Savinien and the doctor, and witty as were certain answers of Savinien, the maiden remained mute until the twilight, her green veil let down, her hands crossed upon her shawl.

"Mademoiselle does not seem to be enchanted with Paris?" said Savinien at last, piqued.

"I return to Nemours with pleasure," replied she, in a moved voice, raising her veil.

Notwithstanding the darkness, Savinien then recognized her by her large braids of hair and her brilliant blue eyes.

"And I ! I leave Paris without regret, to come and bury myself at Nemours, since I find there my fair neighbor," said he. "I hope, Monsieur le Docteur, that you will receive me at your house ; I love music, and I remember having heard Mademoiselle Ursula's piano."

"I do not know, sir," gravely said the doctor, "if your mother would like to see you at the house of an old man, who must have for this dear child all a mother's solicitude."

This measured answer made Savinien think much, and then he

even a glass of wine, question the conductor, he answers you with his nose in the wind, his eye on space. "La concurrence is ahead ! and we do not see her!" said the postillion. "The scamp will not have let his passengers eat !"—"Has he any ?" answers the conductor. "Tap then on Polignac !" All the bad horses are called Polignac. Such are the jokes and the substance of conversation between the postillions and the conductors on the top of stage-coaches. As many occupations as there are in France, so many argots.

remembered that kiss so lightly wafted. The night having come on the heat was oppressive. Savinien and the doctor fell asleep first. Ursula, who sat long awake, laying plans, yielded towards midnight. She had taken off her little straw hat. Her head, covered with an embroidered cap, soon fell upon her god-father's shoulder.

About day-break, at Bourou, Savinien woke first. He then perceived Ursula in the disorder of sleep, with her cap crumpled and pushed back, her hair falling about her face, which was flushed with the heat of the carriage; but in this situation, frightful for women to whom a toilet is necessary, youth and beauty triumph. Innocence has always a beautiful sleep. The half open lips disclosed pretty teeth; the shawl undone permitted to remark without offending Ursula, under the plaits of a figured muslin dress, all the graces of her waist. In fine, the purity of this virgin soul shone on this countenance, and could be seen so much the more easily, as no other expression disturbed it. Old Minoret, who awoke, replaced his child's head in the corner of the carriage, so that she might be more at her ease. She let it be done without waking, so deeply she slept, after all the nights employed in thinking of Savinien's misfortune.

"Poor little one," said he to his neighbor, "she sleeps like a child, that she is."

"You ought to be proud of her," replied Savinien, "for she seems to be as good as she is beautiful."

"Ah! she is the joy of the house. Were she my own daughter, I could not love her more. She will be sixteen on the fifth of next February. God grant that I live long enough to marry her to a man who shall render her happy! I wished to take her to a theatre in Paris, this being her first visit, but she would not; the curate of Nemours had disapproved it. 'But,' said I, 'suppose that, when you are married, your husband wants to take you there?' 'I will do all that my husband desires,' she answered. 'If he asks me anything wrong, and I am weak enough to obey him, he will be charged with those faults before God; I shall draw, then, strength to resist from a true understanding of his interest.'"

As they entered Nemours, at five o'clock in the morning, Ursula awoke, all ashamed of her disorder, and of meeting Savinien's admiring look. During the hour that the diligence had taken to come from Bourou, where it stopped a few minutes, the young man

was smitten with Ursula : he had studied the candor of this soul, the beauty of this body, the fair complexion, the delicate features, the charm of the voice which had uttered that phrase so short and so expressive, in which the poor child said everything in meaning to say nothing. Finally, a secret presentiment revealed to him in Ursula the woman whom the doctor had painted in framing her portrait with these magic words : "Seven or eight hundred thousand francs !"

"In three or four years, she will be twenty, I shall be twenty-seven ; the good man has spoken of trials, of works, of good conduct. However cunning he may seem, he will tell me his secret at last."

The three neighbors separated in front of their houses, and Savinien used coquetry in his adieux, raising to Ursula a look full of solicitations.

Madame de Portenduère let her son sleep until noon. Notwithstanding the fatigue of the journey, the doctor and Ursula attended grand mass.

The deliverance of Savinien and his return, in company with the doctor, had explained the object of his absence to the politicians of the town, and to the heirs assembled on the public square, in a council like that which they had held there fifteen days before. To the great astonishment of the groups, on coming out from mass, Madame de Portenduère stopped old Minoret, who offered her his arm and saw her home. The old lady wished to ask him to dinner, and his pupil also, that very day, mentioning that the curate would be their other guest.

"He will have wished to show Paris to Ursula," said Minoret-Lerault.

"Peste ! the good man does not take a step without his little nurse," exclaimed Cremière.

"For the good woman, Portenduère, to have taken his arm, very intimate things must have passed between them," said Massin.

"And you have not guessed that your uncle has sold his income and taken the little Portenduère out of his trap ?" said Goupil. "He had refused my master, but he has not refused his mistress. Ah ! you are done. The Vicount will propose to make a contract instead of an obligation, and the doctor will make over to his god-daughter, by her husband, all that it may cost to conclude such an alliance."

"It would not be an awkward thing to marry Ursula with M. Savinien," said the butcher. "The old lady dines M. Minoret to-day; Trennette came at five o'clock to secure a tenderloin steak."

"Ah, well! Dionis, there is fine work going on!" said Massin, running to meet the notary, who came upon the square.

"What now? all is going well," replied the notary. "Your uncle has sold his income, and Madame de Portenduère has asked me to her house to sign an obligation of a hundred thousand francs, secured by her property, and lent by your uncle."

"Yes; but if the young people were to marry?"

"It is as if you said that Goupil is my successor," replied the notary.

"The two things are not impossible," said Goupil.

THE MIGHT OF WOMAN.

TRANSLATED FROM SCHILLER BY C. T. BROOKS.

MIGHTY are ye — ye are so by the still charm of the present;

What the still one does not, never the stormy can do.

Force I look for in man, of law the majesty wielding!

Woman can only by grace hold a legitimate sway.

Many have ruled, it is true, by the might of mind and of prowess;

But they have forfeited thee, highest and purest of crowns!

Womanly beauty alone makes a true queen of the woman:

Let her be seen, and she rules — rules by her presence alone.

DOCTOR BELLOWS denies that he made use of the expression that he "could not pronounce the soul of Theodore Parker to be lost, but he affirmed that he (Parker) had not accepted the means of salvation." His present version of the matter is — "not that I entertain any fear of the loss of Mr. Parker's soul, although I think that he did not accept the condition of salvation prescribed by the New Testament."

CRITICAL NOTICES.

The Eighth Commandment. By CHARLES READE. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. Cincinnati: G. S. Blanchard.

With good corkage, Charles Reade is about as delicious a brand of "the sparkling" as can now be imported. When any book of his appears, we await nobody's criticism, we notice nobody's neglect; we are indifferent as to whether he has written about a man or an elephant, a thief or a theatre,—we go straightway and get the book, and never find in it one dull line. *Nihil tetigit quod non ornavit.* Here, now, is a book which is in no wise a fiction, but a plain, homely truth, all relating to acts of Parliament, statistics, and squabbles between the witty French dramatists and piratical London managers; yet it is one of the most delightful works Reade has ever written. He would scarcely pardon us for saying it, but we can scarcely regret the annoyances and loss he has personally undergone in his efforts to establish literary justice between England and France, since they have been the means of giving us this piquant, sketchy revelation of himself and kindred characters. In a modest, because inevitable and unconscious way, Mr. Reade gives us the story of himself, and that self is "every inch a king." We liked much the last story of our author, which he called "A Good Fight;" but here, too, is a story of a Good Fight, and one which must be in the end crowned with as fair a success. The sketches of Maquet and others, and of the scene in the Surrey Court, are as brilliant as anything by Edmund About, of whom our author frequently reminds us. Here's a health to thee, Charles Reade!

The Wild Sports of India: with Remarks on the Breeding and Rearing of Horses, and the Formation of light, irregular Cavalry. By Capt. HENRY SHAKSPEAR, Commandant Nagpore Irregular Force. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1860. Cincinnati: G. S. Blanchard.

A bright, agreeable book, full of truth to Nature and graphic sketching. The Indian who, when asked if he had known a certain hero in the war, replied, "I ate a piece of him," gave the idea of a great deal of our knowledge of Nature and Life; and though the method of the naturalist who goes to forest and stream without rod or gun may be higher, we could little do without the fact and insight furnished by the brave, unphilosophical, keen-sensed adventurer, who has touched and tasted the varieties of life and landscape. Of these Capt. Shakspear is a fine specimen, and we recommend his account to all the lovers of our many-breasted mother Earth, and of the manifold creatures she cherishes.

Unitarianism Defined; the Scripture Doctrine of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost: A course of lectures by FREDERICK A. FARLEY, D.D., Pastor of the Church of the Savior, Brooklyn, N. Y. Boston: Walker, Wise & Co. Cincinnati: G. S. Blanchard.

A better title would be, *Unitarianism Confined*, or perhaps *Coffined*. There must be, we suppose, a mission upon earth for all facts, even the dreariest, for Mr. Carlyle says there is; but wherefore, in the name of Sleepy Hollow, should any one come at this day to tell us, what all scholars know, that the Trinity is not a Scriptural doctrine? Neander and Bun-

sen have demonstrated that, no less than Norton and Channing. "Set not thy foot on graves!" Did the Unitarian fathers who sleep, do their work so inadequately that we must have Farley & Co. do it all over again? Are we never to get beyond the *a-b ab* of the Liberal movement? We once knew the author of this work to introduce at a large festive occasion; in Faneuil Hall, where some five hundred persons were gathered to eat and make speeches, a letter he had just received giving the lugubrious details of the death-bed of a member of his parish, who had just died, a lady, we believe, whom none knew but himself; of this we are forcibly reminded by this introduction amid living people and living questions of this catalogue of texts, about a dogma which one would think had only recently been interred at the Church of the Savior in Brooklyn.

The Word of the Spirit to the Churches. Boston: Walker, Wise & Co. (C. A. Bartol.) Cincinnati: G. S. Blanchard.

If the above was Unitarianism confined, this is an attempt to galvanize the same by a kind of spiritualistic interpretation, and one which, because of the weakness of the battery, gets no farther than a sublime pretense. The writer shows affectation in every stroke of his pen, and only succeeds in revealing the passionless, bloodless nature of the church to which he adheres, by this effort at making his common-places pass under the image and superscription of Transcendentalism. It doesn't even require a banker to nail such false coin to the counter.

BUST OF THEODORE PARKER.

MISS FOLEY, of Boston, has just executed an exquisite bust of Mr. Parker. We have never seen any better representation of any one; and in this case the success is the more admirable because of those characteristics of Mr. Parker's head and face, which those who knew him best had learned to associate with his spiritual faculties. We were particularly struck at Miss Foley's felicitous interpretation of his nose: Mr. Parker had a nose of rather marked plainness, and common observers would call it a "snub." But the nose had in it a "saving clause:" up where it branched into strong eye-brows and widened for individuality, it was a nose which might have won him promotion under Napoleon, who, it is well known, selected his Marshals with reference to their noses. We are delighted to see by the Boston press that this work of the young and rising artist has satisfied Mr. Parker's friends entirely — Mr. Phillips, Mr. Garrison, Mr. Sanborn, and others, having found it so complete that there is talk of employing Miss Foley on one of life-size. We hope this will be done. Meanwhile, we can most heartily commend this bust to all who are interested in Mr. Parker. Its price is \$3.00, and it may be found at Wm. Wiswell's, in this city.